

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XX. }

No. 1749. — December 22, 1877.

{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXXXIV.

CONTENTS.

I. SOME SONNETS OF CAMPANELLA, . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . .	707
II. ERICA. Part V. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the German of . . .	<i>Frau von Ingersleben,</i> . . .	717
III. LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET. By James Anthony Froude. Part VI., . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i> . . .	723
IV. DA CAPO. By Miss Thackeray. Conclusion, . . .	<i>Advance Sheets,</i> . . .	736
V. THE CASE OF LORD DUNDONALD, . . .	<i>Gentleman's Magazine,</i> . . .	746
VI. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Conclusion, . . .	<i>Harper's Bazar,</i> . . .	752
VII. A MIGHTY SEA-WAVE, . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . .	758
VIII. THE SUN'S DISTANCE, . . .	<i>Nature,</i> . . .	766

POETRY.

A WAIL FOR THE WHALE, . . .	706	A BALLAD OF THE "THUNDER-SEE," . . .	706
A CRY, . . .	706		

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

A WAIL FOR THE WHALE.

AH, alas! it is over forever!

Has the climate—which most of us kills—
Settled thee? Say, again shall I never
Read thy name in large type in the bills?

Must I stand at the door with my shilling,
But to hear thy too pitiful tale?
Is it useless to urge that I'm willing—
Quite—to put down one more "*for the whale?*"

Alas, yes, 'tis too true! Though they caught thee,
Prepared for these honors untold,—
P'raps with *Pongo* to dine might have taught thee;—
They couldn't quite cope with thy cold.

And though M.D.'s abound in thy quarter,
Alas, what could their science suggest?
They might say, "Put its tail in hot water,—
Try a plaster or two on its chest.

"Such a cold!—all our practice can't match it;
It floods diagnosis with doubt.
Where on earth did our young patient catch it?
Has it been in the water—or out?

"We can picture an elephant wheezing,
Or a Python knocked over by cramp,
But a whale!—we can't fancy *that* sneezing,
With a pulse at a hundred—from damp!"

So I wonder, at human invention
If thy too fishy nature took fright,
When each minute, with kindest intention,
Some one soused thee all day—and all night!

If that voyage across the Atlantic,—
Meant to handsomely butter thy bread,—
Made thee long for a voice to cry, frantic,
"Oh! do stop, I've a cold in my head!"

Such a cold! Ah, too late they all rue it!
And denounce thy berth *minus* a lid,—
With a douche! For if *that* didn't do it,
'Tis not easy to tell thee what did!

Ah! but there,—all is over forever!
Though thy tank daily empties and fills,
I shall never again—I shall *never*
Read thy name in large type in the bills!
Punch.

A CRY.

Lo! I am weary of all,—
Of men, and their love and their hate;
I have been long enough life's thrall,
And the toy of a tyrant fate.

I would have nothing but rest,
I would not struggle again;
Take me now to thy breast,
Earth, sweet mother of men.

Hide me, and let me sleep;
Give me a lonely tomb,
So close and so dark and so deep,
I shall hear no trumpet of doom.

There let me lie forgot,
When the dead at its blast are gone;
Give me to hear it not,
But only to slumber on.

This is the fate I crave,
For I look to the end, and see,
If there be not rest in the grave,
There will never be rest for me.
Spectator. H. E. CLARKE.

A BALLAD OF THE "THUNDER-SEE."

SOFT on the lake's soft bosom we twain
Float in the haze of a dim delight,
While the wavelets cradle the sleepless brain,
And the eyes are glad of the lessening light,
And the east with a fading glory is bright—
The lingering smile of a sun that is set—
And the earth in its tender sorrow is dight,
And the shadow that falleth hath spared us yet!

Oh! the mellow beam of the suns that wane,
Of the joys, ah me! that are taking flight;
Oh, the sting of a rapture too near to pain,
And of love that loveth in death's despite!
But the hour is ours, and its beauty's might
Subdues our souls to a still regret,
While the Blumli-Alp unveils to the night,
And the shadow that falleth hath spared us yet!

Now we set our prow to the land again,
And our backs to those splendors ghostly
white,
But a mirrored star with a watery train
We hold in our wake as a golden kite;
When we near the shore, with its darkening
height,
And its darker shade on the waters set,
Lo! the dim shade fleeth before our sight,
And the shadow that falleth hath spared us yet!

ENVOY.

From the jewelled circles where I indite
This song, which my faithless tears make
wet,
We trail the light till its jammed rings smite
The shadow,—that falleth! and spares us
yet.
Spectator. EMILY PFEIFFER.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
SOME SONNETS OF CAMPANELLA.

IN every realm of intellectual activity the Italians were the pioneers of modern civilization. It was their destiny to discover and inaugurate, to try experiments and make the first essays, giving the form of final perfection only to the fine arts, but opening new paths in science and philosophy, in politics and commerce, in the analysis of human life, and in the exploration of the globe. Of late years, while acknowledging the æsthetical pre-eminence of the Italians, we have been apt to ignore or to depreciate the services they rendered to philosophy, philology, history, political economy, and science. Yet three centuries have not fully elapsed since the attention of Europe was habitually directed to the south for brilliant discoveries in each of these departments. At the beginning of the modern era Italy was emphatically the mistress and the teacher of the northern and more tardily developed nations in all that concerned their intellectual advancement; and if we have forgotten what we owed to her, it is because those nations, starting from the level gained by the Italians, have carried knowledge further than was possible in the first dawn of thought for them to do.

These general remarks form an introduction to the mention of a name now almost wholly forgotten. Tommaso Campanella is scarcely known by hearsay except to epicures of philosophical antiquities, like Sir William Hamilton, or to essayists on Utopias, who use the "*Città del Sole*" to illustrate the more famous ideal of Sir Thomas More. Yet the writings of this extraordinary man contain, as it were, proleptically, or in germ, nearly all the thoughts that have been fruitful since his day in modern science and philosophy. His poems, with which I am specially concerned in this place, are luminous with ideas remarkable for boldness even at the present time, and truly marvellous when we consider that he who penned those weighty phrases in his southern dungeon was a Dominican monk of the sixteenth century. That Campanella did not or could not mould his teeming thoughts into a system, that he was unable to do

more than take a Pisgah-view of modern development, renders his scientific work of little actual value now. In philosophy he was but a precursor; and his fame, like the light of a morning star, has very justly been swallowed up in that of men who make our noon. His poetry has a stronger claim to recognition; for the profound and pregnant thoughts, which Campanella had no opportunity of basing on a solid ground of proof and scientific demonstration, here appear in their true medium of emotional intensity and half-prophetic imagery.

The fate of these philosophical poems is not a little curious. Composed by Campanella at intervals during his imprisonment at Naples, they would probably have remained in manuscript but for an accident. A German gentleman, named Tobia Adami by the philosopher, visited Campanella in his dungeon, and received from him the seven books of his poems. They took his fancy so much that he determined to publish a portion of them; and accordingly in 1622 he gave about a seventh part of the whole collection to the press in Germany. This first edition was badly printed on very bad paper, without the name of press or place. It bore this title: "*Scelta d'alcune poesie filosofiche di Settimontano Squilla cavate da' suoi libri detti La Cantica con l'esposizione, stampato nell'anno MDCXXII.*" The pseudonym *Squilla* is a pun upon Campanella's name, since both *Campana* and *Squilla* mean a bell; while *Settimontano* contains a quaint allusion to his physical peculiarities, since the poet's skull was remarkable for seven protuberances. A very few copies of this book were printed; and none of them seem to have found their way into Italy, though it is possible that they had a limited circulation in Germany. At any rate, there is strong reason to suppose that Leibnitz was acquainted with the contents of the obscure little volume, while Herder in his "*Adrastea*" at a later period published free translations from a certain number of the sonnets. To this circumstance we owe the reprint of 1834, published at Lugano by John Gaspar Orelli, the celebrated Zürich scholar. Early in his youth Orelli was delighted

with the German version made by Herder; and during his manhood, while residing as Protestant pastor at Bergamo, he used his utmost endeavors to procure a copy of the original. In his preface to the reprint he tells us that these efforts were wholly unsuccessful through a period of twenty-five years. He applied to all his literary friends, among whom he mentions the ardent Ugo Foscolo and the learned Mazzuchelli; but none of these could help him. He turned the pages of Crescimbeni, Quadrio, Gamba, Corniani, Tiraboschi, weighty with enormous erudition — and only those who make a special study of Italian know how little has escaped their scrutiny — but found no mention of Campanella as a poet. At last, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, he received the long-coveted little quarto volume from Wolfenbüttel in the north of Germany. The new edition which Orelli gave to the press at Lugano has this title: "*Poesie filosofiche di Tommaso Campanella pubblicate per la prima volta in Italia di Gio. Gaspare Orelli, Professore all' Università di Zurigo. Lugano, 1834.*" It has been again reprinted at Turin, in 1854, by Alessandro d'Ancona, together with some of Campanella's minor works and an essay on his life and writings. This third edition professes to have improved Orelli's punctuation and to have rectified the text. But it still leaves much to be desired on the score of careful editorship. Neither Orelli nor D'Ancona have done much to clear up the difficulties of the poems — difficulties in many cases obviously due to misprints and errors of the first transcriber; while in one or two instances they allow patent blunders to pass uncorrected. In the sonnet entitled "*A Dio*" (D'Ancona, p. 102), for example, *bocca* stands for *bucca* in a place where sense and rhyme alike demand the restitution of the right word. Speaking briefly, Campanella's poems, though they have been three times printed, have never yet received the care of a scrupulous editor.

At no time could the book have hoped for many readers. Least of all could it have found them among the Italians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries,

to whom its energetic language and extraordinary ideas would have presented insuperable difficulties. Between Dante and Alfieri no Italian poet except Michael Angelo expressed so much deep thought and feeling in phrases so terse, and with originality of style so daring: and even Michael Angelo is monotonous in the range of his ideas and conventional in his diction, when compared with the indescribable violence and vigor of Campanella. Campanella borrows little by way of simile or illustration from the outer world, and he never falls into the commonplaces of poetic phraseology. His poems exhibit the exact opposite of the Petrarchistic or the Marinistic mannerism. Each sonnet seems to have been wrenched alive and palpitating from the poet's breast, with the drops of life-blood fresh upon it. There is no smoothness, no gradual unfolding of a theme, no rhetorical exposition, no fanciful embroidery, no sweetness of melodic cadences, in his masculine art of poetry. Brusque, rough, violent in transition, leaping from the sublime to the ridiculous, his poems owe their elevation to the passion of their feeling, the nobleness and condensation of their thought, the energy and audacity of their expression, their brevity, sincerity, and weight of sentiment. Campanella had an essentially combative intellect. He was both a poet and a philosopher militant. He stood alone, making war upon the authority of Aristotle in science and of Petrarch in art, taking the fortresses of phrase by storm, and subduing the hardest material of philosophy to the tyranny of his rhymes. Plebeian saws, salient images, dry sentences of metaphysical speculation, logical summaries, and splendid tirades are hurled together — half crude and cindery scoræ, half molten metal and resplendent ore — from the volcano of his passionate mind. Such being the nature of Campanella's style, when in addition it is remembered that his text is often hopelessly corrupt and his allusions obscure, the difficulties offered by his sonnets to the translator will be readily conceived.

Before presenting any specimens of Campanella's poems, it will be necessary to say something about his philosophy and

his life. At the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, philosophy took a new point of departure among the Italians, and all the fundamental ideas which have formed the staple of modern European systems were anticipated by a few obscure thinkers. It is noticeable that the states of Naples, hitherto comparatively inert in the intellectual development of Italy, furnished the five writers who preceded Bacon, Leibnitz, Schelling, and Comte. Telesio of Cosenza, Bruno of Nola, Campanella of Stilo, Vanini and Vico of Naples, are the chief among these *novi homines* or pioneers of modern thought. The characteristic point of this new philosophy was an unconditional return to nature as the source of knowledge, combined with a belief in the intuitive forces of the human reason: so that from the first it showed two sides or faces to the world; the one positive, scientific, critical, and analytical; the other mystical, metaphysical, subjective. Modern materialism and modern idealism were both contained in the audacious guesses of Bruno and Campanella; nor had the time arrived for separating the two strains of thought, or for attempting a systematic synthesis of knowledge under one or the other head.

The men who led this mighty intellectual movement burned with the passionate ardor of discoverers, the fiery enthusiasm of confessors. They stood alone, sustained but little by intercourse among themselves, and wholly misunderstood by the people round them. Italy, sunk in sloth, priest-ridden, tyrant-ridden, exhausted with the unparalleled activity of the Renaissance, besotted with the vices of slavery and slow corruption, had no ears for spirit-thrilling prophecy. The Church, terrified by the Reformation, when she chanced to hear those strange voices sounding through "the blessed mutter of the mass," burned the prophets. The State, represented by absolute Spain, if it listened to them at all, flung them into prison. To both Church and State there was peril in the new philosophy; for the new philosophy was the first birth-cry of the modern genius, with all the crudity and clearness, the brutality and uncompromising sincerity of youth.

The Church feared nature. The State feared the people. Nature and the people — those watchwords of modern science and modern liberty — were already on the lips of the philosophers.

It was a philosophy militant, errant, exiled; a philosophy in chains and solitary, at war with society, authority, opinion; self-sustained by the prescience of ultimate triumph, and invincible through the sheer force of passionate conviction. The men of whom I speak were conscious of pariahdom, and eager to be martyred in the glorious cause. "A very Proteus is the philosopher," says Pomponazzo; "seeking to penetrate the secrets of God, he is consumed with ceaseless cares; he forgets to thirst, to hunger, to sleep, to eat; he is derided of all men; he is held for a fool and irreligious person; he is persecuted by inquisitors; he becomes a gazing-stock to the common folk. These are the gains of the philosopher; these are his guerdon." Pomponazzo's words were prophetic. Of the five philosophers whom I have mentioned, Vanini was burned as an atheist, Bruno was burned, and Campanella was imprisoned for a quarter of a century. Both Bruno and Campanella were Dominican friars. Bruno was persecuted by the Church, and burned for heresy. Campanella was persecuted by both Church and State, and was imprisoned on the double charge of sedition and heresy. *Dormitanti animarum excubitor* was the self-given title of Bruno. *Nunquam tacebo* was the favorite motto of Campanella.

Giovanni Domenico Campanella was born in the year 1568 at Stilo in Calabria, one of the most southern townships of all Italy. In his boyhood he showed a remarkable faculty for acquiring and retaining knowledge, together with no small dialectical ability. His keen interest in philosophy and his admiration for the great Dominican doctors, Thomas Aquinas and Albertus Magnus, induced him at the age of fifteen to enter the order of S. Dominic, exchanging his secular name for Tommaso. But the old alliance between philosophy and orthodoxy, drawn up by scholasticism and approved by the mediæval Church, had been succeeded by mutual hostility; and the youthful thinker

found no favor in the cloister of Cosenza, where he now resided. The new philosophy taught by Telesius placed itself in direct antagonism to the pseudo-Aristotelian tenets of the theologians, and founded its own principles upon the interrogation of nature. Telesius, says Bacon, was the prince of the *novi homines*, or inaugurators of modern thought. It was natural that Campanella should be drawn towards this great man. But the superiors of his convent prevented his forming the acquaintance of Telesius; and though the two men dwelt in the same city of Cosenza, Campanella never knew the teacher he admired so passionately. Only when the old man died and his body was exposed in the church before burial, did the neophyte of his philosophy approach the bier, and pray beside it, and place poems upon the dead.

From this time forward Campanella became an object of suspicion to his brethren. They perceived that the fire of the new philosophy burned in his powerful nature with incalculable and explosive force. He moved restlessly from place to place, learning and discussing, drawing men towards him by the magnetism of a noble personality, and preaching his new gospel with perilous audacity. His papers were seized at Bologna; and at Rome the Holy Inquisition condemned him to perpetual incarceration on the ground that he derived his science from the devil, that he had written the book "*De tribus Impostoribus*," that he was a follower of Democritus, and that his opposition to Aristotle savored of gross heresy. At the same time, the Spanish government of Naples accused him of having set on foot a dangerous conspiracy for overthrowing the viceregal power and establishing a communistic commonwealth in southern Italy. Though nothing was proved satisfactorily against him, Campanella was held a prisoner under the sentence which the Inquisition had pronounced upon him. He was, in fact, a man too dangerous, too original in his opinions, and too bold in their enunciation, to be at large. For twenty-five years he remained in Neapolitan dungeons; three times during that period he was tortured to the verge of dying; and at last he was released, while quite an old man, at the urgent request of the French court. Soon after his liberation Campanella died. The numerous philosophical works on metaphysics, mathematics, politics, and æsthetics which Campanella gave to the press, were composed during his long imprisonment. How he got them printed I do not know; but it

is obvious that he cannot have been strictly debarred from writing by his jailors. In prison, too, he made both friends and converts. We have seen that we owe the publication of a portion of his poems to the visit of a German knight.

In arranging the few poems I have selected for translation, I cannot do better than divide them into four classes:—1. Philosophical; 2. Political; 3. Prophetic; and 4. Personal. The philosophical sonnets throw light upon Campanella's relation to his predecessors, his conception of the universe as a complex animated organism, his conviction that true knowledge must be gained by the interrogation of nature, his theory of human life and action, and his judgment of the age in which he lived. The political sonnets may be divided into two groups—those which discuss royalty, nobility, and the sovereignty of the people, and those which treat of the several European states. The prophetic sonnets seem to have been suggested by the misery and corruption of Italy, and express the poet's unwavering belief in the speedy triumph of right and reason. Among the personal sonnets I have placed those which refer immediately to Campanella's own sufferings, or which describe his ideal of the philosophic character.

1. When Adami published his selection of Campanella's poems, he printed the sonnet which I shall quote first, as the proem to the whole book. The thought expressed in it is this: the true philosopher, who in this place is Campanella himself, is the child of eternal wisdom, the father, and of human science, the mother, of his reason. True philosophy brings men face to face with nature; wherefore Campanella bids his readers leave the schoolmen and the learning of books. He calls upon them to exchange logomachy for positive inquiry, dissolving their pride and prejudice in the heat of the fire, which he, a second Prometheus, has stolen from the luminary of all truth.

Born of God's wisdom and philosophy,
Keen lover of true beauty and true good,
I call the vain self-traitorous multitude
Back to my mother's milk; for it is she,
Faithful to God her Lord, who nourished me,
Making me quick and active to intrude
Within the inmost veil, where I have viewed
And handled all things in eternity.
If the whole world's our home where we may
run,
Up, friends, forsake those secondary schools
Which give grains, units, inches for the
whole!

If facts surpass mere words, melt pride of soul,

And pain, and ignorance that hardens fools,
Here in the fire I've stolen from the sun!

The next I mean to quote is addressed to Telesius, the veteran of the new philosophy. The "tyrant of souls" is Aristotle, whose authority Telesius, like Bacon, sought to undermine. The saint of the new school is the science founded upon the immediate interrogation of nature by the senses. What the senses report, reason judges; and nature, thus interrogated, utters through the voice of science oracles that can be trusted.

Telesius, the arrow from thy bow
Midmost his band of sophists slays that high
Tyrant of souls that think; he cannot fly:
While Truth soars free, loosed by the self-
same blow.

Proud lyres with thine immortal praises glow,
Smitten by bards elate with victory:
Lo, thine own Cavalcante, stormfully
Lightning, still strikes the fortress of the
foe!

Good Gaieta bedecks our saint serene
With robes translucent, light-irradiate,
Restoring her to all her natural sheen;
The while my tocsin at the temple-gate
Of the wide universe proclaims her queen,
Pythia of first and last ordained by fate.

In the third sonnet Campanella expands the ground-notion of the new philosophy. Nature lies before the mind of man like an open book, where God has written his thoughts. This book, then, should be studied, instead of the works of the schoolmen and the sophists.

The world's the book where the eternal Sense
Wrote his own thoughts; the living temple
where,
Painting his very self, with figures fair
He filled the whole immense circumference.
Here then should each man read, and gazing
find

Both how to live and govern, and beware
Of godlessness; and, seeing God all-where,
Be bold to grasp the universal mind.
But we tied down to books and temples dead,
Copied with countless errors from the life,—
These nobler than that school sublime we
call.

O may our senseless souls at length be led
To truth by pain, grief, anguish, trouble,
strife!
Turn we to read the one original!

Campanella conceived that the radical evils of the world are tyranny in politics, sophistry in philosophy, and hypocrisy in religion. Ignorance, which has its root in self-love, lies at the bottom of all these vices, and must be fought to the death by the champion of science.

To quell three Titan evils I was made, —
Tyranny, sophistry, hypocrisy;
Whence I perceive with what wise harmony
Themis on me love, power, and wisdom
laid.

These are the basements firm whereon is
stayed,
Supreme and strong, our new philosophy;
The antidotes against that trinal lie
Wherewith the burdened world groaning is
weighed.

Famine, war, pestilence, fraud, envy, pride,
Injustice, idleness, lust, fury, fear,
Beneath these three great plagues securely
hide.

Grounded on blind self-love, the offspring dear
Of ignorance, they flourish and abide:
Wherefore to root up ignorance I'm here!

The theme of self-love is further developed in a sonnet, remarkable for its brevity and pregnant thought. Preoccupation with himself makes man fancy that the world is without thought and feeling, that his own race alone has received the care of God; from this he passes to the pride of impiety, and at last can see no other God in the world but himself. Heine might have quoted the last line against Hegel.

Self-love fools man with false opinion
That earth, air, water, fire, the stars we see,
Though stronger and more beautiful than
we,

Feel nought, love not, but move for us alone.
Then all the tribes of earth except his own
Seem to him senseless, rude — God lets
them be:

To kith and kin next shrinks his sympathy,
Till in the end loves only self each one.
Learning he shuns that he may live at ease;
And since the world is little to his mind,
God and God's ruling forethought he de-
nies.

Craft he calls wisdom; and, perversely blind,
Seeking to reign, erects new deities:
At last "I make the universe!" he cries.

Campanella's own conception of the earth as part of the universal *ἦλον*, or animated being, and of man as a minor parasitic creature, living on the world as lower creatures live on him, is contained in the sixth sonnet I have marked.

The world's a living creature, whole and great,
God's image, praising God whose type it is;
We are imperfect worms, vile families,
That in its belly have our low estate.
If we know not its love, its intellect,
Neither the worm within my belly seeks
To know me, but his petty mischief wreaks:
Thus it behoves us to be circumspect.
Again, the earth is a great animal,
Within the greatest; we are like the lice
Upon its body, doing harm as they.

Proud men, lift up your eyes; on you I call:
Measure each being's worth; and thence be
wise,
Learning what part in the great scheme you
play!

The seventh sets forth his profoundly
religious fatalism. All things have been
ordained by the divine wisdom, and all
human lives have been written by God
like parts in a play. At the end of the
play we shall see by gazing on God him-
self which part was best; and we shall
share the mirth which our past action
caused for him.

The world's a theatre: age after age,
Souls masked and muffled in their fleshly
gear

Before the supreme audience appear,
As Nature, God's own art, appoints the
stage.

Each plays the part that is his heritage;
From choir to choir they pass, from sphere
to sphere,

And deck themselves with joy or sorry
cheer,

As fate, the comic playwright, fills the page.
None do or suffer, be they cursed or blest,
Aught otherwise than the great Wisdom
wrote

To gladden each and all who gave him
mirth,

When we at last to sea or air or earth
Yielding these masks that weal or woe de-
note,

In God shall see who spoke and acted best.

Campanella frequently recurs to the
conception of the universe regarded as a
drama, in which good and evil are both
necessary, and will in the end be found
far other than our present imperfect in-
sight makes us think. In the following
passage from one of his canzoni he illus-
trates the difference between evil relative
to the world at large and the same evil re-
lative to us.

War, ignorance, fraud, tyranny,
Death, homicide, abortion, woe—
These to the world are fair; as we
Reckon the chase or gladiatorial show.
To pile our hearth we fell the tree;
Kill bird or beast our strength to stay;
The vines, the hives our wants obey;
Like spiders spreading nets, we take and slay.
As tragedy gives men delight,
So the exchange of death and strife
Still yields a pleasure infinite
To the great world's triumphant life:
Nay, seeming ugliness and pain
Avert returning 'Chaos' reign.
Thus the whole world's a comedy;
And they who by philosophy
Unite themselves to God, will see
In ugliness and evil nought
But beautiful masks: oh, mirthful thought!

2. Passing to those sonnets which con-
tain Campanella's political theories, I will
begin with two upon the conception of roy-
alty as independent both of birth and acci-
dent. The first lays down the principle
that just as the implements of painting do
not make an artist, so the possession of
lands and states do not make a royal
nature.

He who hath brush and colors, and chance-
wise

Doth daub, befouling walls and canvases,
Is not a painter; but, unhelped by these,
He who in art is masterful and wise.

Cowls and the tonsure do not make a friar;
Nor make a king wide realms and pompous
wars;

But he who is all Jesus, Pallas, Mars,
Though he be slave or base-born, wears the
tiar.

Man is not born crowned like the natural king
Of beasts, for beasts by this investiture
Have need to know the head they must
obey;

Wherefore a commonwealth fits men, I say,
Or else a prince whose worth is tried and
sure,

Not proved by sloth or false imagining.

The second illustrates the same sub-
ject with examples, showing how accident
makes mock kings and nature real ones;
and how the bastard breed of tyrants per-
secutes the royal spirits, but cannot pre-
vent their empire over the souls of men.

Nero was king by accident in show,
But Socrates by nature in good sooth;
By right of both Augustus; luck and truth
Less perfectly were blent in Scipio.

The spurious prince still seeks to extirpate

The seed of natures born imperial—

Like Herod, Caiaphas, Meletus, all

Who by bad acts sustain their stolen state.

Slaves whose souls tell them that they are but
slaves,

Strike those whose native kinghood all can
see:

Martyrdom is the stamp of royalty.

Dead though they be, these govern from their
graves;

The tyrants fall, nor can their laws remain;

While Paul and Peter rise o'er Rome to
reign.

The next sonnet expresses a similar
doctrine concerning nobility. Wealth and
blood do not constitute true aristocracy.
That should always be tested by courage
and prudence. The allusion to the Turk,
the foe of Europe, is curious. Campa-
nella says the Turks are wiser than the
European princes, since they honor men
according to their deeds, and not accord-
ing to their birth or riches.

Valor and mind form real nobility,
The which bears fruit and shows a fair increase

By doughty actions: these and nought but these

Confer true patents of gentility.

Money is false and light unless it be

Bought by a man's own worthy qualities;

And blood is such that its corrupt disease
And ignorant pretence are foul to see.

Honors that ought to yield more true a type,

Europe, thou measurest by fortune still,

To thy great hurt; and this thy foe perceives;

He rates the tree by fruits mature and ripe,

Not by mere shadows, roots, and verdant leaves:

Why then neglect so grave a cause of ill?

The whole of Campanella's original and daring genius shines forth in the next sonnet, which treats of the sovereignty of the people. Shelley might have written it, so modern and so democratic is the thought.

The people is a beast of muddy brain,

That knows not its own force, and therefore stands

Loaded with wood and stone; the powerless hands

Of a mere child guide it with bit and rein:

One kick would be enough to break the chain;

But the beast fears, and what the child demands,

It does; nor its own terror understands,

Confused and stupefied by bugbears vain.

Most wonderful! with its own hand it ties

And gags itself, gives itself death and war

For pence doled out by kings from its own store.

Its own are all things between earth and heaven;

But this it knows not, and if one arise

To tell this truth, it kills him unforgiven.

After reading these lines we do not wonder that the Spanish viceroy thought Campanella dangerous to established monarchy.

As specimens of Campanella's opinions about contemporary politics, I may insert two sonnets upon the Swiss Confederation and Genoa. The drift of the first is that, though the Swiss are a race of natural freemen, they sell themselves for hire, and so become the slaves of despots who scorn them.

Ye Alpine rocks! If less your peaks elate

To heaven exalt you than that gift divine,

Freedom; why do your children still combine

To keep the despots in their stolen state?

Lo, for a piece of bread from windows wide

You fling your blood, taking no thought
what cause,

Righteous or wrong, your strength to battle draws;

So is your valor spurned and vilified.

All things belong to free men; but the slave
Clothes and feeds poorly. Even so from you

Broad lands and Malta's knighthood men
withhold.

Up, free yourselves, and act as heroes do!

Go, take your own from tyrants, which you
gave

So recklessly, and they so dear have sold!

It would be impossible to pass a clearer-sighted judgment on the barbarous action of the Swiss during the sixteenth century.

The second follows the same train of thought. In elder days Genoa by her courage and spirit of adventure held the East in fee, stood first in Italy, and discovered new worlds. Now she bows to the Spaniard, not because her people is enfeebled, but because her nobility is pusillanimous.

The nymphs of Arno; Adria's goddess-queen;

Greece, where the Latin banner floated free;

The lands that border on the Syrian sea;

The Euxine, and fair Naples; these have been

Thine, by the right of conquest; these should be

Still thine by empire: Asia's broad demesne,

Afric, America — realms never seen

But by thy venture — all belong to thee.

But thou, thyself not knowing, leavest all

For a poor price to strangers; since thy head

Is weak, albeit thy limbs are stout and good.

Genoa, mistress of the world! recall

Thy soul magnanimous! Nay, be not led

Slave to base gold, thou and thy tameless brood!

3. The transition from Campanella's poems on politics to his prophecy is easy. Here is a very curious sonnet, in which he observes that the black clothes assumed by the Italians under the influence of Spanish fashions suited the corrupt, enslaved, and mournful state of the nation.

Black robes befit our age. Once they were white;

Next many-hued; now dark as Afric's Moor,

Night-black, infernal, traitorous, obscure,

Horrid with ignorance and sick with fright.

For very shame we shun all colors bright,

Who mourn our end — the tyrants we endure,

The chains, the noose, the lead, the snares,
the lure —

Our dismal heroes, our souls sunk in night.

Black weeds again denote that extreme folly

Which makes us blind, mournful, and woe-begone:

For dusk is dear to doleful melancholy.

Nathless fate's wheel still turns: this raiment
dun
We shall exchange hereafter for the holy
Garments of white in which of yore we
shone.

The next is a prophecy of a new age,
when Christ shall return to reign in peace
upon the earth, and when black clothes
shall be exchanged for white. It is proba-
ble that Campanella was not looking for the
millennium in the vulgar sense of the word.
Christ was for him always the symbol of
right reason and real virtue.

Clothed in white robes I see the Holy sire
Descend to hold his court amid the band
Of shining saints and elders: at his hand
The white immortal Lamb commands their
choir.

John ends his long lament for torments dire,
Now Judah's lion rises to expand
The fatal book, and the first broken band
Sends the white courier forth to work God's
ire.

The first fair spirits raimented in white
Go out to meet him who on his white cloud
Comes heralded by horsemen white as snow.
Ye black-stoled folk, be dumb, who hate the
loud
Blare of God's lifted angel-trumpets! Lo,
The pure white dove puts the black crows
to flight!

In spite of persecution, torture, and life-
long imprisonment, Campanella never lost
his faith and hope—faith in the ultimate
triumph of righteousness and justice, hope
that even he might live to see it. In the
following sonnet he declares his belief that
the sophists, tyrants, and hypocrites must
in course of time be banished, and the
world regain the golden age through com-
munism and brotherly affection.

If men were happy in that age of gold,
We yet may hope to see mild Saturn's
reign;
For all things that were buried live again,
By time's revolving cycle forward rolled.
Yet this the fox, the wolf, the crow, made bold
By fraud and perfidy, deny—in vain;
For God that rules, the signs in heaven, the
train
Of prophets, and all hearts this faith uphold.
If thine and mine were banished in good sooth
From honor, pleasure, and utility,
The world would turn, I ween, to Paradise;
Blind love to modest love with open eyes;
Cunning and ignorance to living truth;
And foul oppression to fraternity.

The belief that this glorious consumma-
tion was not far distant is energetically
expressed in a sonnet written in answer to
certain friends who had recommended him
to try his hand at comic poetry.

Nay, God forbid that mid these tragic throes
To idle comedy my thought should bend,
When torments dire and warning woes por-
tend

Of this our world the instantaneous close!
The day approaches which shall discompose
All earthly sects, the elements shall blend
In utter ruin, and with joy shall send
Just spirits to their spheres in heaven's re-
pose.

The Highest comes in Holy Land to hold
His sovran court and synod sanctified,
As all the Psalms and prophets have fore-
told:

The riches of his grace he will spread wide
Through his own realm, that seat and chosen
fold
Of worship and free mercies multiplied.

It is probable that the majority of the
prophetic poems were written in his youth,
about the time when he attracted the sus-
picious of the Spanish government in Na-
ples. The following sonnet, at any rate,
must have been composed before 1603,
since it foretells a great mutation which
he expected in that year.

The first heaven-wandering lights I see ascend
Upon the seventh and ninth centenary,
When in the Archer's realm three years
shall be

Added, this æon and our age to end.
Thou too, Mercurius, like a scribe dost lend
Thine aid to promulgate that dread decree,
Stored in the archives of eternity,
And signed and sealed by powers no prayers
can bend.

O'er Europe's full meridian on thy morn
In the tenth house thy court I see thee hold:
The sun with thee consents in Capricorn.
God grant that I may keep this mortal breath.
Until I too that glorious day behold
Which shall at last confound the sons of
death!

I have translated the astrological portion
of this sonnet as literally as I could. Cam-
panella's conviction that each part of the
universe was endowed with sensibility and
reason, and that the stars had more of
divinity than we have, rendered him pecu-
liarly open to astrological illusions.

4. I have left for the last those sonnets
which describe Campanella's sufferings in
prison. We have seen that he was wont
to compare himself to Prometheus, and he
called his dungeon by the name of Cau-
casus. Here is one of which the title—
"Sonetto nel Caucaso"—tells its own
tale. The philosopher rejects suicide, be-
cause he does not believe in escaping
from himself by death.

I fear that by my death the human race
Would gain no vantage. Thus I do not die.
So wide is this vast cage of misery

That flight and change lead to no happier place.

Shifting our pains, we risk a sorer case ;
All worlds, like ours, are sunk in agony ;
Go where we will, we feel ; and this my cry
I may forget like many an old disgrace.

Who knows what doom is mine? The Omnipotent

Keeps silence ; nay, I know not whether strife

Or peace was with me in some earlier life.

Philip in a worse prison me hath pent

These three days past—but not without God's will.

Stay we as God decrees : God doth no ill.

Here is another sonnet on the theme of his imprisonment. The seekers after truth find a dungeon as naturally as stones fall to earth, or mice run into the cat's mouth.

As to the centre all things that have weight
Sink from the surface ; as the silly mouse
Runs at a venture, rash though timorous,
Into the monster's jaws to meet her fate :

Thus all who love high science, from the strait
Dead sea of sophistry sailing like us

Into truth's ocean, bold and amorous,

Must in our haven anchor soon or late.

One calls this haunt a cave of Polypheme,

And one Atlante's palace, one of Crete

The labyrinth, and one hell's lowest pit.

Knowledge, grace, mercy are an idle dream

In this dread place. Nought but fear dwells

in it,

Of stealthy tyranny the sacred seat.

The next sonnet dates probably from the early days of his imprisonment, when he discovered the incompetence or the baseness of the friends in whom he trusted, and when he had been tempted by the promises of an impostor. It is addressed to God.

How wilt Thou I should gain a harbor fair,

If after proof among my friends I find

That some are faithless, some devoid of mind,

Some short of sense, though stout to do and dare?

If some, though wise and loyal, like the hare

Hide in a hole, or fly in terror blind,

While nerve with wisdom and with faith combined

Through malice and through penury despair?

Reason, thy honor, and my weal eschewed

That false ally who said he came from Thee,

With promise vain of power and liberty.

I trust : I'll do. Change Thou the bad to good!

But ere I raise me to that altitude,

Needs must I merge in Thee as Thou in me.

Who the impostor was who came to tempt him we do not know. It is possible that his enemies sent this mysterious person as a spy to extract his supposed secrets from him. The three last lines of

the sonnet are obscure. They seem to mean that Campanella has not lost faith and self-confidence. All he requires is that the human instruments of his great work should not break in his hand. If God will give him true allies instead of covert enemies, he will be able to act, having attempted to cast himself into the divine nature, even as God dwells in us and penetrates us with his spirit.

His conception of the philosopher as a sufferer and yet as royal, doomed to endure pain and scorn in this life, but destined to enjoy eternal fame, and in the midst of wretchedness more happy than the common crowd of fools, is very finely expressed in these lines :—

Wisdom is riches great and great estate,

Far above wealth ; nor are the wise unblest

If born of lineage vile or race oppressed :

These by their doom sublime they illustrate.

They have their griefs for guerdon, to dilate

Their name and glory ; nay, the cross, the

sword

Make them to be like saints or God adored ;

And gladness greets them in the frowns of

fate :

For joys and sorrows are their dear delight ;

Even as a lover takes the weal and woe

Felt for his lady. Such is wisdom's might.

But wealth still vexes fools ; more vile they

grow

By being noble ; and their luckless light

With each new misadventure burns more

low.

There is an excellent vein of humor in the next sonnet, which describes the relation of the wise men to the rest of the world in a well-conceived apologue.

Once on a time the astronomers foresaw

The coming of a star to madden men :

Thus warned they fled the land, thinking

that when

The folk were crazed, they'd hold the reins

of law.

When they returned the realm to overawe,

They prayed those maniacs to quit cave and

den,

And use their old good customs once again ;

But these made answer with fist, tooth, and

claw ;

So that the wise men were obliged to rule

Themselves like lunatics to shun grim death,

Seeing the biggest maniac now was king.

Stiffing their sense, they lived aping the fool,

In public praising act and word and thing.

Just as the whims of madmen swayed their

breath.

The last of the personal poems I have marked for quotation refers to an obscure passage in Campanella's biography. Condemned to the galleys, he feigned madness in order to escape that dreadful doom,

He here justifies his conduct by citing the great men of history who did the like, or who committed suicide. The Italian, which I have rendered by the "Mystic," is *PAstratto*. I am not sure whether the word does not rather mean a man lost to his senses.

From Rome to Greece, from Greece to Libya's sand,

Yearning for liberty, just Cato went;
Nor finding freedom to his heart's content,
Sought it in death, and died by his own hand.

Wise Hannibal, when neither sea nor land
Could save him from the Roman eagles, rent

His soul with poison from imprisonment;
And a snake's tooth cut Cleopatra's band.
In this way died one valiant Maccabee;
Brutus feigned madness; prudent Solon hid
His sense; and David, when he feared
Gath's king.

Thus when the Mystic found that Jonah's sea
Was yawning to engulf him, what he did
He gave to God — a wise man's offering.

I have reserved the following three sonnets, which do not fall exactly into any of the four divisions adopted in this article, but which are eminently characteristic of Campanella's bold and original thought. The first is such an adaptation of the parable about the Samaritan as might have occurred to Clough.

From Rome to Ostia a poor man went;
Thieves robbed and wounded him upon the way:

Some monks, great saints, observed him
where he lay,

And left him, on their breviaries intent.
A bishop passed thereby, and careless bent
To sign the cross, a blessing brief to say;
But a great cardinal, to clutch their prey,
Followed the thieves, falsely benevolent.

At last there came a German Lutheran,
Who builds on faith, merit of works with-stands;

He raised and clothed and healed the dying man.

Now which of these was worthiest, most hu-
mane?

The heart is better than the head, kind hands

Than cold lip-service; faith without works
is vain.

The second gives Campanella's opinion about the low state of Italian literature. English students, comparing the chivalrous romances of the Italians with the high theme chosen by our Milton, and their comedies with our Elizabethan drama, will feel that the philosopher of Stilo has not used too strong a language of invective.

Valor to pride hath turned; grave holiness

To vile hypocrisy; all gentle ways
To empty forms; sound sense to subtleties;
Pure love to heat; beauty to paint and dress:
Thanks to you, poets I you who sing the press
Of fabled knights, foul fires, lies, nullities;
Not virtue, nor the wrapped sublimities
Of God, as bards were wont in those old days.

How far more wondrous than your phantasies
Are nature's works, how far more sweet to sing!

Thus taught, the soul falsehood and truth
descries.

That tale alone is worth the pondering,
Which hath not smothered history in lies,
And arms the soul against each sinful thing.

The third is addressed to a young German knight, Rudolph von Bürnau, who travelled in the company of Adami and visited Campanella in his prison. His name is Italianized into Ridolfo di Bina.

Wisdom and love, O Bina, gave thee wings,
Before the blossom of thy years had faded,
To fly with Adam for thy guide, God-aided,
Through many lands in divers journeyings.

Pure virtue is thy guerdon: virtue brings
Glory to thee, death to the foes degraded,
Who through long years of darkness have
invaded

Thy Germany, mother of slaves not kings.
Yet, gazing on heaven's book, heroic child,
My soul discerns graces divine in thee:
Leave toys and playthings to the crowd of
fools!

Do thou with heart fervent and proudly mild
Make war upon those fraud-engendering
schools!

I see thee victor, and in God I see.

The translations I have now offered to English readers present but a poor likeness of Campanella's rough but energetic and often splendidly impassioned style. It is my hope before long to complete a version of his sonnets, and to print them with such explanations as an unavoidable absence from all libraries or centres of literature will suffer me to make. For students of the Italian genius he has an almost unique interest, not only as the precursor of modern modes of thought, but also as the only poet who, in an age of enervation and effeminacy, preserved a manliness of speech and sentiment worthy of Dante's heroic century.

Here then for the moment I leave Campanella. But before laying down my pen, I must quote the only poetical utterance of the seventeenth century in Italy, which can be at all compared with his verse. The sonnet is commonly attributed to Bruno. It occurs in his dialogue on the "Heroic Love," and is there placed in the

mouth of Tansillo, who is probably the real author. Nowhere has the rapture, the daring, and the danger of the poet-philosopher's flight into super-terrestrial regions of pure thought been described with fervor more intense, and with a feeling for spiritual beauty more impassioned. The spirit of the martyr sages of south Italy vibrates in its thrilling lines.

Now that these wings to speed my soul ascend,
The more I feel vast air beneath my feet,
The more toward boundless air on pinions
fleet,

Spurning the earth, soaring to heaven, I
tend:

Nor makes them stoop their flight the direful
end

Of Daedal's son; but upward still they beat.
What life the while with my life can com-
pete,

Though dead to earth at last I shall de-
scend?

My own heart's voice in the void air I hear:

"Where wilt thou bear me, O rash man?
Recall

"Thy daring will! This boldness waits on
fear!"

"Dread not," I answer, "that tremendous fall!

"Strike through the clouds, and smile when
death is near,

"If death so glorious be our doom at all!"

J. A. S.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GER-
MAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

VIII.

THE DARK LAKE.

ABOUT a mile from Waldbad, in the midst of the forest, is a tolerably large lake of singular shape, since its shores are divided into long regular teeth or curves, which are densely overgrown with tall trees and shrubbery. The dark, still water is made even more gloomy by the shade of the thick foliage, and the tall trees are reflected in dim outline from the black mirror, while the smaller bushes look like mere shadows.

A sense of mystery and terror broods over the whole scene, and the spectator does not feel surprised to hear that in this spot the pagan inhabitants of the island formerly offered sacrifices to their gods. The lake must evidently have obtained its peculiar form only by the aid of human hands, and it would probably have been

worth while to investigate the connection which had existed between the outline of the water and the old pagan rites.

At any rate these heathens had no sympathy with that cheerful life, which is so clearly revealed to us in the graceful beauty of the temples reared to the ancient gods of Greece. *Their* gods, images of themselves, are stern and gloomy, and demand a secret, mystical worship. And yet the natives who dwelt in the misty north were not wholly destitute of divine truth, although it could only glimmer through the husk of error like a dim twilight. It required centuries of constant sacrifice to educate the human race to the idea that mercy is better than sacrifice, or rather was the true sacrifice, and it is a consoling, elevating thought that even the rudest worship contains a divine spark which can be developed into a warm, bright flame.

This gloomy water—which had been appropriately named Dark Lake—seems little suited for pleasure parties. The melancholy characteristic of the scene involuntarily claims a sympathetic sadness, or produces a dreamy mood that unconsciously harmonizes with the surrounding landscape, the ghostly, tremulous outlines of the dim reflections in the water, and the mournful rustlings of the tall trees. But reveries only thrive in solitude, and in a large party ennui is sometimes, earnestness but rarely, the predominant feeling.

Nevertheless, an excursion to Dark Lake is one of the pleasures of every visitor to Waldbad. On bright summer afternoons the shores are thronged with groups of merry people, whose lively conversation and gay laughter are repeated by the numerous echoes among the many windings of the banks. On the very spot where perhaps in former days sacrifices were offered to the gods, now stands a rude building, merely intended to afford a sheltering roof beneath which visitors can light a fire to make their coffee, or possibly even cook waffles. It would scarcely have been profitable to establish a restaurant here, so the managers of the baths—for of course there must be such a body in Waldbad—contented themselves with having this hut built in order to satisfy all just demands.

The equipages—or, to designate the Waldbad vehicles more correctly—the wagons of the pleasure-seekers stand about on the turf. The horses try to graze upon the forest grass and moss, or find more abundant fodder in the bags of provender hung over their heads, while they

* Copyright 1877, by Littell & Gay.

move their tails regularly from side to side to keep off the flies. Careful drivers pull large boughs from the trees and fasten them on the horses, or swing them over them for the same purpose. The maidservants who accompany the different families hurry to the springs to get water, then make a fire, and unpack the almost bottomless baskets brought with them.

The elegant figure of a liveried servant very rarely appears among these busy people. Waldbad is not a congenial soil for them, as only a few of its visitors encumber themselves with a footman. Today, amid the crowd of wagons, horses, coachmen, and servant-girls, only one such bedizened mortal leans idly against a tree. He has folded his arms, and gazes at the bustle around him with a very weary, *blasé* air. Although infinitely superior to it — so superior that those present do not even seem to realize the existence of this sublime personage — his solitary grandeur is at last becoming irksome to him.

He attempts to talk to the prettiest girl, nay, even condescends so far as to offer to help her in her tasks. But the maid is busy, and makes short work with him, so he shrugs his shoulders, yawns, and approaches a carriage, which in its best days doubtless belonged to a fashionable owner, but was afterwards sold as useless, and thus came into the possession of a Waldbad driver. Its springs are not very good, and as the servant enters it the whole vehicle rocks to and fro in such a peculiar manner, that one doubts whether it will prove very comfortable to its occupants while jolting over the forest paths, which are full of roots and stones.

At any rate, the little wagon that now quickly approaches, drawn by two light-brown horses, rolls far more easily. One would scarcely believe that so many people could find room in the small vehicle. But there sit father, mother, a young girl, four children, and a sort of driver — the word boy would probably offend him as much as to call his horses ponies — and all look very happy and comfortable. The young driver springs to the ground quickly enough, and assists the gentleman down, precociously begging the "Herr Pastor" to be careful. Then comes the wife with two children, and next is Fräulein Erica's turn, but she has already leaped out with the two boys on the other side, and laughs gayly at her juvenile assistant.

The liveried servant, who was just in the act of throwing himself back on the cushions of the carriage and into the arms of Morpheus, turns his head towards the

new arrivals, but does not consider them worth noticing, for the lady carries a large bundle containing the necessary eatables herself, so he frowns at the disturbance, and sinks back into his corner with a yawn. The little party notice the coach, which, with its venerable, old-fashioned elegance, has a very aristocratic appearance among the open wagons that surround it.

The pastor shakes his head over the ignorance of the summer visitors in taking a "coach" for such an expedition, and the avaricious owner who yielded to their wishes. But Erica has scarcely cast a glance at the inmate when she instantly recognizes him as the servant she saw at the little fairy castle. Her cheeks grow crimson with surprise, bewilderment, or joy, she does not know herself which feeling predominates. The princess is here, she will undoubtedly have an opportunity to see her, and that is very pleasant; but Erica has been anticipating the afternoon at Dark Lake with delight, she loves the spot, and expected that to-day even the lively children would not disturb her dreamy wanderings. Now all that was over, her freedom was destroyed, the day's pleasure would be of a different nature, that of suspense, expectation. Various questions dart through her brain. Will the brother accompany the sister? Will he recognize Erica, or pass her by without notice when they meet?

The vision of the brilliant sister, who cast every one that surrounded her into the shade, now recedes partially into the background, and the young man, the "artist," as Erica still calls him, appears more vividly before her mind. It is with no hostile feelings that she now remembers him, for she is forced to acknowledge that only a small share of his negligent demeanor could be attributed to her personal appearance, but she thinks she should prefer to see the sister without the brother's company. How gladly she would have questioned the sleeper in the carriage, but that would never do, and besides, the pastor's wife is calling her to help make the coffee.

The children had very positively declared that they wanted the coffee at once, instead of first going to walk, and as the little party had brought no maidservant to wait upon them, they were obliged to do the work themselves. But they succeeded admirably; everybody did what he could, and even the pastor did not think it beneath his dignity to collect dry twigs for the fire. Erica, however, was not quite so much engrossed in her occupation as she

would have been but for the sight of the liveried sleeper in the carriage. To tell the truth, she was afraid of completely destroying the freshness of her muslin dress, which already bore only too distinct traces of the narrow space into which she had been crowded in the wagon. Besides, she felt no desire for either coffee or cakes, and in this respect, for the first time, had no sympathy with the children.

At last the coffee was drunk, some of the cakes eaten, and the remainder carefully packed and put back in the wagon, to be brought out again when they returned from their walk. But so much time had been consumed that the others were doubtless already returning, and if they went around the lake on the other side a meeting would be impossible, since their departure would probably take place immediately. This reflection made the walk seem less delightful than Erica had expected, her thoughts were absent, she had no eyes for the melancholy beauty of the scene, and mechanically answered the words of the pastor's wife and laughed with the children without exactly knowing why.

The shores of the lake seemed to be thronged with pedestrians. Light summer dresses gleamed through the trees, and the echo of voices was everywhere repeated from the peculiarly-shaped angles of the rocky hills that surrounded the lake, while the path led close by the water's edge. Each of these tooth-shaped curves enclosed the party in somewhat narrow boundaries, and only permitted the eyes to roam freely over the lake.

This limited view increased the gloomy impression made by the whole landscape, and was all the more favorable to the melancholy reveries, which, however, were interrupted and disturbed by the numerous visitors to the spot.

Loud voices were often heard while the speakers were invisible, until at a bend in the path the two pedestrians almost ran against each other. Thus people were generally in a state of constant expectation to see what the next turn would reveal, and the lake and scenery were therefore cast somewhat into the background.

Seats were found often enough to prevent the walk from becoming tiresome, and the wooden benches or banks of turf were eagerly used by the excursionists. In one of the most melancholy spots on the shore of this gloomy lake, a party of ladies and gentlemen had seated themselves, whose gay, animated conversation ill harmonized with the scene. The view here was more

open, for it was not far from the hills of the down which separated the lake from the sea, and when the voices were silent for a moment the monotonous plashing of the waves on the shore was distinctly audible. A tall, slight female figure, whose elegant white dress was clearly relieved against the dark background of trees and bushes, first attracted the attention. She held on her lap a little boy, who must have been wearied by the long walk, for he leaned his head on his mother's shoulder, and closed his eyes.

"You see, Kathinka, I was right in advising you to leave the boy at home," said one of the young men.

The lady — whose beautiful eyes seemed somewhat restless, for they wandered incessantly from one object to another — replied almost sharply, looking at the trees instead of the person addressed.

"You know I never part from him, Elmar, and," she added in a gentler tone, "the sweet boy wanted to come."

"The sweet boy wants a great many nonsensical things," replied her companion, "and he will now become very troublesome to you, especially as his nurse is sick, and consequently not with us."

The sharp, by no means musical tone, which seemed strangely inharmonious from the lips of the beautiful woman, was again audible as the lady replied: "How can you suppose Carlos would ever be troublesome to me?" She bent over the child and kissed it. "Never, never, my sweet angel," she whispered tenderly; then rose, and holding the boy in her arms, went to another lady to whom she gave him. "Take him, Molly, he will go to you, because he loves you."

A smile hovered round the lips of all, and the young man doubtless expressed the feelings of the whole party, as he murmured, "Thank heaven that the boy doesn't love me."

The beautiful lady, whose restlessness appeared by no means confined to her eyes, did not sit down again, but wandered about, pulling moss from the rocks, or leaves from the bushes, now and then exchanging a word with the others, or putting her finger on her lips to impose silence, when any noise attracted her attention. This conduct made the rest of the party extremely uncomfortable, and at last the young man who had previously spoken rose, exclaiming half angrily, —

"You are terribly uneasy, Kathinka. Let us go, you will never stay long in one spot, though I am tired enough."

"Why did you insist upon crossing the

down to the sea. We have it every day in Waldbad."

"And do you really feel no interest in seeing a lake of fresh water so near the sea, and comparing the deep repose of the former with the constant movement of the latter?"

Kathinka shrugged her shoulders. "Really, Elmar, you are childish; I need my attention for other things. But let us go, it is a long distance."

They rose and began to walk along the shore. The beautiful woman went first with one of the older ladies, while the others followed in couples, and the girl holding the boy in her arms brought up the rear.

"Do you not think the walk delightful, your Highness?" asked the old lady, who had obtained a place beside the princess. Although, being the wife of Consul Sternau, she was perfectly aware that the Bagadoff family was not enrolled among those of royal blood, and therefore not entitled to the address of "Highness," she could not help flattering her companion and also herself by its use.

The princess looked up at the sky, then glanced at a beetle buzzing by, and finally fixed her eyes upon the ground. "Oh! yes, it is very pretty, though of course I have seen far more beautiful scenery. Who suggested the singular idea of bringing us here?"

"I really do not know, your Highness," replied the old lady somewhat embarrassed.

"Baron von Altenborn insisted upon the excursion," said her pretty daughter Caroline, coming to her assistance.

"What a slander, Fräulein!" exclaimed the young man, "you proposed it yourself."

"I? No, I only said the pastor's family was coming here this afternoon, and you instantly had the same fancy."

"So we really owe this pleasant excursion to the pastor," said one of the other gentlemen in a somewhat satirical tone. "I doubt, however, whether the reverend clergyman was the magnet, and suspect a pretty little daughter."

Caroline laughed. "The oldest is seven."

"You are not lucky in your inferences, Herr von Wehlen," replied Baron von Altenborn, with ill-suppressed irony; "a beauty of seven years may exert a magnetic influence over you, but she makes no impression on me."

Kathinka turned her head. "What an ado about nothing! I probably should not

have allowed myself to be influenced by Elmar's whim, if I had not liked the excursion myself."

No one answered, even the old lady did not seem to understand the princess' train of thought. An uncomfortable pause followed, and every one felt a relief when Kathinka, on reaching a turn in the path, exclaimed, —

"Here comes the pastor and his family."

"So far as I can see, there is a young girl in the party, however," observed Herr von Wehlen, in a jeering tone.

"Yes, but she isn't the pastor's daughter, she is —"

"Who is that girl?" interrupted Herr von Wehlen, pointing towards Erica.

Caroline's lips curled. "I was in the act of telling you; she is my friend Erica."

"The daughter of Frau von Hohenstädt, who lives in great seclusion at Waldbad;" her mother added.

Herr von Wehlen expressed no thanks for the information, but gazed steadily at the approaching group, while the frown that darkened his brow betrayed no pleasant emotions.

Meantime the two parties had met. Frau von Sternau did not fail to introduce her Highness to the pastor and his wife, and the princess, who, when she chose, could control both her tongue and her eyes, spoke very politely and pleasantly to both.

While so doing, she somewhat inconsiderately continued her way, and civility thus compelled them to alter the direction of their walk, and turn back with the other party.

Erica, who had joined Caroline, was thus brought into the immediate vicinity of the dreaded young man. He evidently did not recognize her, for he treated her as a total stranger, and strangely enough this produced such a feeling of embarrassment that she only answered him in monosyllables, and he therefore soon gave up all attempts at conversing with her, and again turned to his former companion. This afforded her an opportunity to collect her thoughts, and she had almost regained her composure, when Herr von Wehlen, who had remained a little behind, now addressed a question to Caroline. Erica started, and when, on turning round, she looked into the dark, somewhat sinister eyes of a bearded man, visibly changed color.

Wehlen did not seem to notice her alarm, for he continued his sentence with the most perfect unconcern, but her neigh-

bor bent towards her, and said in the tone she remembered so well at their first meeting, —

"How does the little woodland fairy happen to have such weak nerves?"

So he still remembered her, he pretended not to know her intentionally. Pondering over the cause of this conduct somewhat diverted her thoughts from the stranger, but they soon returned to him again, and she became more and more convinced that the foreign sailor in Wilms's hut, and this elegant, aristocratic gentleman, were one and the same person. At the same time she perceived that his attention was attracted towards her, and in spite of his apparent unconcern he watched her incessantly. Nay once, when their glances met, such an angry, threatening look flashed from his dark eyes, that she was on the point of losing her self-control.

A particularly beautiful view, which the pastor pointed out to the princess, made her pause, and the whole party also stood still, thereby enabling Fräulein Molly, who still carried the sleeping child in her arms, to overtake them. Wehlen politely approached, and any who had seen the admiring, languishing glance he cast upon the young lady, would scarcely have believed that those eyes had just flashed with such an angry light.

"The boy is troubling you, Fräulein," he said in a tone that was in perfect harmony with the look, "will you not trust him to me?"

Fräulein Molly, whose eyes had been glittering with indignant tears, felt soothed by the attention — of which she usually received so little — and a pleasant smile played around her pretty mouth as she answered in a jesting tone: "With all my heart, if the precious treasure will allow himself to be trusted to you."

"Let us try," and Herr von Wehlen attempted to take the sleeping child. But little Carlos, roused by the movement, had scarcely fixed his sleepy eyes upon the stranger, when he began to cry and clung firmly to the young lady's neck.

"You see, Herr von Wehlen," said Molly despairingly, "he loves me altogether too much."

"Who could blame him?" whispered Wehlen, with another languishing look.

Erica's attention was now attracted towards the group, and recognizing in the boy the fair-haired little child of the fairy castle, she approached him.

"Is the child so tired that you are obliged to carry him?" she asked sympa-

thizingly, without thinking of the ceremony of an introduction.

Fräulein Molly tossed her head and eyed the speaker from top to toe, then looked her straight in the face, and finally glanced at her companion and slowly asked, —

"Who is this young girl, Herr von Wehlen?"

Erica's face grew crimson; she saw the mocking curl of the gentleman's lip, and — unconscious of her offence against etiquette — attributed this conduct to her simple dress.

"Fräulein Hohenstädt, allow me to make you acquainted with Fräulein Molly Lassnitz," said Elmar's voice close beside her; "Fräulein Lassnitz requires the rules of the drawing-room to be inexorably maintained in the woods and fields, and in case of accident I believe would rather drown, than be pulled out of the water by a person to whom she had not been introduced."

"How fortunate for me that I am perfectly aware you are such an excellent swimmer," replied Fräulein Molly, not quite so pleasantly as she had formerly spoken.

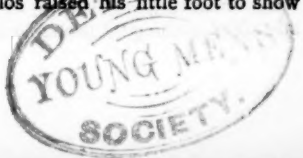
"To judge from the emphasis, your 'perfect' knowledge does not seem very favorable to me," said Elmar, laughing; "but I sue for peace. I have had skirmishes enough to-day, and as for the boy, put him down and let him run, you surely do not wish to carry him all the way."

"I wish? — I must," replied Molly bitterly.

Erica now once more approached the child, whose blue eyes gazed at her so earnestly, and at last so pleasantly, that she ventured to say, "Won't you come to me, may I carry you?"

Carlos held out his arms to the stranger, and Fräulein Molly did not refuse to relinquish her burden. Erica, who often played with the pastor's children, perfectly understood how to manage him. She joked and laughed, cheered and amused him, and it was not long before she could put him on the ground, and he ran merrily along beside her.

The pastor's children now came up to look at the new playfellow. The two parties at first held aloof and watched each other with critical eyes, until the pastor's youngest child at last broke the ice. Going up to the little stranger, he began the conversation by the important information that he had on a new cap to-day, whereupon Carlos raised his little foot to show



his new boots, which seemed to interest all. As the two girls had also new dresses to display, the conversation between the children soon became very animated, and Carlos thought no more of his fatigue.

Erica, who had so kindly relieved Molly of the duties of nurse, thought herself obliged to pay particular attention to the boy, and had plenty of time to do so, for Fräulein Molly was carrying on an eager whispered conversation with Herr von Wehlen, and Caroline laughed and jested so gayly with her companion that Erica's presence seemed almost forgotten.

The meeting which she had anticipated with so much eagerness, such a throbbing heart, now scarcely seemed worth this tremulous expectation, for the princess was so surrounded by the company that she could not keep a close watch upon the beautiful lady of the fairy castle. A feeling of disappointment and sorrow stole over her, as she slowly followed the party, and it was almost a relief when she now perceived the goal of the walk, the open space with the different conveyances.

"Have you already had your coffee, your Highness, or are you going to drink it now?" asked the pastor's wife, as they reached the glade.

Kathinka looked at her in astonishment. "Drink coffee, what do you mean, my dear Frau Pfarrerinn?"

The pastor's wife was somewhat confused, for she did not know what other words she could use to express what seemed to her a matter of course, but Frau von Sternau came to her assistance, and said, with a very dignified air, —

"Her Highness will dine after her return."

"Have you a cup of coffee at your disposal?" cried Elmar; "if so, I shall turn beggar, for I have the appetite of a lion."

"We will see if there is any left in the pot," said the pastor's wife kindly, going towards the hut where it was standing on the glowing coals. There was a sufficient quantity, and the young man not only drank the coffee with much satisfaction, but eat some of the cakes the pastor's children had left.

Little Carlos watched his uncle's proceedings with so much interest that the pastor's wife, unasked, poured him out a cup of coffee, and the other children were philanthropic enough, or perhaps sufficiently well fed, not to grudge the little prince a share of their provisions. Appetite not only seems to come while eating,

but also to be contagious, for at last all acknowledged that they were hungry, and the store of food was not large enough to supply them.

"We have always brought cake and coffee," said Caroline pouting, "but to-day mamma did not think it necessary."

"Her Highness laughed when I proposed it," said the old lady, with her former dignity.

"I believe I did. But we might have brought a luncheon; unfortunately no one in my house provides for me, if I don't think of everything myself." The beautiful woman's reproving glance was fixed on the treetops, but Fräulein Molly was no less aware that the words were aimed at her, for she said, apologetically, "We had just left the breakfast-table when we came here."

"Well, let us try to get our dinner as soon as possible. Tell Valentin I am ready to go, Molly."

Fräulein Molly went to perform her errand, and the clumsy coach — from whose cushions the sleepy footman slowly rose — rolled up.

"You have just saved me from starvation, Frau Pfarrerinn," said Elmar, "can't you also preserve me from the terrible jolting of that frightful old box? Is there not a seat for me in your wagon?"

"Oh, yes indeed!" replied the obliging lady; "that is, I don't know how we shall manage; each of us holds a child."

"Well then, I give it up," said Elmar, laughing, "I have enough with one boy in the carriage."

"We mothers think differently, we find no discomfort in our children's presence," said Kathinka to the pastor's wife, as she entered her carriage. The rest of the party followed her example, and the coach, with several other conveyances, rolled away and disappeared in the forest.

Erica had received no farewell from any one except little Carlos; he was the only person who had looked towards the spot where she stood, none of the others had heeded her, even Caroline was too much occupied to think of her. The grave expression that rested on her face lingered there all day, and when she reached home her mother looked at her inquiringly.

"What is the matter, child? You have returned from your excursion in a sorrowful mood."

"It is so melancholy at Dark Lake, mamma, one unconsciously becomes grave and sad,"

From The Nineteenth Century.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET.

MARTYR for the Church of Christ, or turbulent incendiary justly punished for his madness or presumption? That was the alternative which lay before the judgment of the Christian world. On the response which would be given depended interests which stretched far beyond the limits of Becket's own island home. How vast were the issues, how possible was an unfavorable conclusion, may be seen in the passionate language in which Benedict of Canterbury describes the general feeling, and relates the influences by which alone the popular verdict was decided in the archbishop's favor.

Our crowned head was taken from us, the glory of angels and of Angles. We were orphans who had lost their father. The mother Church was desolate, and her children were not lamenting. She sought for some to comfort her, yet found she none. She was weeping, and her children were glad. Our own noble monastery was speechless, and cruel mockers said it was well done. The brethren mingled their bread with tears, but they kept silence. Had not light risen upon us from on high, we had been lost forever. Praise be He who looked upon us in the day of our affliction! All generations shall now call us blessed. When the martyr was slain our young men saw visions, our old men dreamed dreams; and then came the miracles, and we knew that God had exalted the horn of his anointed one.

The sheep were scattered: the hirelings had fled. There had not been found a man who would stand beside the lord of Canterbury against the workers of iniquity. The second part of Christendom had gone astray after the idol Baal, the apostate, the antipope. Who can say what the end might not have been? In the blood of the martyr of Canterbury the Most High provided an expiation for the sins of the world. The darkness passed away before the splendor of the miracles. The seed of the word sprang up. Unnumbered sinners are converted daily, and beat their breasts and turn back into the fold. Our anointed Gideon had his lamp in a pitcher: the clay of the earthly body was broken, and light shone out. The schismatic Octavian was at once condemned, and Pope Alexander was established in Peter's chair. If Alexander had not been our true father, the martyr who adhered to him would have been defiled by the pitch which he had touched. His miracles prove that he had not been defiled. No man could do such wonders unless God was with him.

And as he died for the universal Church, so especially he died for the Church of Canterbury. Let his successor not abandon the rights which our holy martyr defended. Let him not despise the law of the Church, or de-

part from obedience to Pope Alexander. Let his Holiness be glad that in these last times, and in the ends of the earth, he has found such a son. Let the children of Canterbury rejoice that the consolation of such miracles has been vouchsafed to them. Let the whole earth exult, and they that dwell therein. On those who walked in darkness the light has shined. The fearful shepherds have learned boldness; the sick are healed; the repenting sinner is forgiven. Through the merits of our blessed martyr the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, the poor have the gospel preached to them. In him all the miracles of the gospel are repeated, and find their full completion. Four times the lamps about his tomb have been kindled by invisible hands. An innocent man who was mutilated by the executioner called on the martyr for help, and is restored: new eyes and new members have been granted to him. Never anywhere, so soon after death and in so brief a time, has saint been made illustrious by so many and so mighty tokens of God's favor.*

Miracles come when they are needed. They come not of fraud, but they come of an impassioned credulity which creates what it is determined to find. Given an enthusiastic desire that God should miraculously manifest himself, the religious imagination is never long at a loss for facts to prove that He has done so; and in proportion to the magnitude of the interests at stake is the scale of the miraculous interposition. In the eyes of Europe, the cause in which Becket fell was the cause of sacerdotalism as against the prosaic virtues of justice and common sense. Every superstitious mind in Christendom was at work immediately, generating supernatural evidence which should be universal and overwhelming. When once the impression was started that Becket's relics were working miracles, it spread like an epidemic. Either the laws of nature were suspended, or for the four years which followed his death the power and the wish were gone to distinguish truth from falsehood. The most ordinary events were transfigured. That version of any story was held to be the truest which gave most honor to the martyr. That was the falsest which seemed to detract from his glory. As Becket in his life had represented the ambition and arrogance of the Catholic Church, and not its genuine excellence, so it was his fate in death to represent beyond all others the false side of Catholic teaching, and to gather round himself the most amazing agglomerate of lies.

* Materials, vol. ii., p. 21 (abridged).

The stream which was so soon to roll in so mighty a volume rose first in the humble breast of Benedict the monk. After the murder the body was lifted by the trembling brotherhood from the spot where it had fallen, and was laid for the night in front of the high altar. The monks then sought their pallets with one thought in the minds of all of them. Was the archbishop a saint, or was he a vain dreamer? God only could decide. Asleep or awake—he was unable to say which—Benedict conceived that he saw the archbishop going towards the altar in his robes, as if to say mass. He approached him trembling. "My lord," he supposed himself to have said, "are you not dead?" The archbishop answered, "I was dead, but I have risen again." "If you are risen, and, as we believe, a martyr," Benedict said, "will you not manifest yourself to the world?" The archbishop showed Benedict a lantern with a candle dimly burning in it. "I bear a light," he said, "but a cloud at present conceals it." He then seemed to ascend the altar steps. The monks in the choir began the introit. The archbishop took the word from them, and in a rich full voice poured out, "Arise, why sleepest thou, O Lord? Arise, and cast us not forth forever."

Benedict was dreaming; but the dream was converted into instant reality. The word went round the dormitory that the archbishop had risen from the dead and had appeared to Benedict. The monks, scarcely knowing whether they too were awake or entranced, flitted into the cathedral to gaze on the mysterious form before the altar. In the dim winter dawn they imagined they saw the dead man's arm raised as if to bless them. The candles had burnt out. Some one placed new candles in the sockets and lighted them. Those who did not know whose hand had done it concluded that it was an angel's. Contradiction was unheard or unbelieving; at such a moment incredulity was impious. Rumors flew abroad that miracles had already begun, and when the cathedral doors were opened the townspeople flocked in to adore. They rushed to the scene of the murder. They dipped their handkerchiefs in the sacred stream which lay moist upon the stones. A woman whose sight had been weak from some long disease touched her eyes with the blood, and cried aloud that she could again see clearly. Along with the tale of the crime there spread into the country, gathering volume as it rolled, the story of the wonders which had begun; and every pious heart which

had beat for the archbishop when he was alive was set bounding with delighted enthusiasm. A lady in Sussex heard of the miracle with the woman. Her sight, too, was failing. *Divinitus inspiratas*, under a divine inspiration, which anticipated the judgment of the Church, she prayed to the blessed martyr St. Thomas, and was instantly restored. Two days later a man at Canterbury who was actually blind recovered his sight. The brothers at the cathedral whose faith had been weak were supernaturally strengthened. The last doubter among them was converted by a vision.

In the outside world there were those who said that the miracles were delusion or enchantment; but with the scoffs came tales of the retribution which instantly overtook the scoffers. A priest at Nantes was heard to say that if strange things had happened at Canterbury the cause could not be the merits of the archbishop, for God would not work miracles for a traitor. As "the man of Belial" uttered his blasphemies his eyes dropped from their sockets, and he fell to the ground foaming at the mouth. His companions carried him into a church, replaced the eyeballs, and sprinkled them with holy water, and prayed to St. Thomas for pardon. St. Thomas was slowly appeased, and the priest recovered, to be a sadder and a wiser man.

Sir Thomas of Ecton had known Becket in early youth, and refused to believe that a profligate scoundrel could be a saint.* Sir Thomas was seized with a quinsy which almost killed him, and only saved his life by instant repentance.

In vain the De Brocs and their friends attempted to stem the torrent by threatening to drag the body through the streets, to cut it in pieces, and fling it into a cess-pool. The mob of Kent would have risen in arms, and burnt their castle over their heads, had they dared to touch so precious a possession. The archbishop was laid in a marble sarcophagus before the altar of St. John the Baptist in the crypt. The brain which De Broc's rude sword had spread out was gathered up by reverent hands, the blood-stains were scraped off the stones, and the precious relics were placed on the stone lid where they could be seen by the faithful. When the body was stripped for burial, on the back were seen the marks of the stripes which he had received on the morning of his death. The hair shirt and drawers were found

* "Martyrem libidinosi et nebulonis elogio notans."
—William of Canterbury. "Materials," vol. i.

swarming (*scaturientes*) with vermin. These transcendent evidences of sanctity were laid beside the other treasures, and a wall was built round the tomb to protect it from profanation, with openings through which the sick and maimed, who now came in daily crowds for the martyr's help, could gaze and be healed.

Now came the more awful question. The new saint was jealous of his honor: was it safe to withhold his title from him till the pope had spoken? He had shown himself alive — was it permitted to pray for him as if he were dead? Throughout England the souls of the brethren were exercised by this dangerous uncertainty. In some places the question was settled in the saint's favor by an opportune dream. At Canterbury itself more caution was necessary, and John of Salisbury wrote to the Bishop of Poitiers for advice: —

The blind see (he said), the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the lame walk, the devils are cast out. To pray for the soul of one whom God had distinguished by miracles so illustrious is injurious to him, and bears a show of unbelief. We should have sent to consult the pope, but the passages are stopped, and no one can leave the harbors without a passport. For ourselves, we have concluded that we ought to recognize the will of God without waiting for the holy father's sanction.*

The pope's ultimate resolution it was impossible to doubt. The party of the antipope in England had been put an end to by the miracles. Many people had begun to waver in their allegiance, and now all uncertainty was gone. It was universally admitted that these wonders displayed in favor of a person who had been on Alexander's side conclusively decided the question.† Alexander would do well, however, John of Salisbury thought, to pronounce the canonization with as little delay as possible.

The epidemic was still in its infancy. The miracles already mentioned had been worked in comparative privacy in the first few weeks which succeeded the martyrdom. Before the summer the archbishop's admirers were contending with each other in every part of Europe which could

report the most amazing miracles that had been worked by his intervention or by the use of his name. Pilgrims began to stream to Canterbury with their tales of marvel and their rich thanksgiving offerings. A committee of monks was appointed to examine each story in detail. Their duty was to assure themselves that the alleged miracle was reality and not imagination. Yet thousands were allowed to pass as adequately and clearly proved. Every day under their own eyes the laws of nature were set aside. The aperture in the wall round the tomb contracted or enlarged according to the merit of the visitors. A small and delicate woman could not pass so much as her head through it to look at the relics. She was found to be living in sin. A monster of a man possessed by a devil, but honestly desirous of salvation, plunged through, body and all. The spectators (Benedict among them, who tells the story) supposed it would be necessary to pull the wall down to get him free. He passed out with the same ease with which he had entered. But when the monks told him to repeat the experiment, stone and mortar had resumed their properties.

The blood gathered on the handkerchiefs from the pavement had shown powers so extraordinary that there was a universal demand for it. The difficulty from the limitation of quantity was got over in various ways. At first it exhibited a capacity for self-multiplication. A single drop might be poured into a bottle, and the bottle would be found full. Afterwards a miraculous fountain broke out in the crypt, with the water from which the blood was mixed. The smallest globule of blood, fined down by successive recombinations to a fraction of unimaginable minuteness, imparted to the water the virtues of the perfect original. St. Thomas's water became the favorite remedy for all diseases throughout the Christian world, the sole condition of a cure being that doctor's medicines should be abjured. The behavior of the liquid, as described by Benedict, who relates what he professes to have continually seen, was eccentric and at first incomprehensible. A monk at the fountain distributed it to the pilgrims, who brought wooden boxes in which to carry it away. When poured into these boxed it would sometimes effervesce or boil. More often the box would split in the pilgrim's hand. Some sin unconfessed was supposed to be the cause, and the box itself, after such a misfortune, was left as an offering at the tomb. The splitting

* John of Salisbury to the Bishop of Poitiers. "Letters," vol. ii., pp. 257, 258 (abridged). How John of Salisbury was able to write both to the Bishop of Poitiers and to the Archbishop of Sens, if he was unable to write to Rome because the passages were stopped, does not appear.

† "Dubitatur a plurimis an pars domini papæ in quâ stamus de justitiâ niteretur, sed eam a crimine gloriosus martyr absolvit, qui si fautor erat schismatis nequaquam tantis miraculis coruscaret." — To the Archbishop of Sens. "Letters," vol. ii., p. 263.

action after a time grew less violent, and was confined to a light crack. One day a woman brought a box which became thus slightly injured. The monk to whom she gave it thought it was too good to be wasted, and was meditating in his own mind that he would keep it for himself. At the moment that the wicked thought formed itself the box flew to pieces in his hands with a loud crash. He dropped it, shrieking that it was possessed. Benedict and others ran in, hearing him cry, to find him in an agony of terror. The amusement with which Benedict admits that they listened to his story suggests a suspicion that in this instance at least the incident was not wholly supernatural.* Finding boxes liable to these misfortunes, the pilgrims next tried stone bottles, but with no better success — the stone cracked like the wood. A youth at Canterbury suggested tin; the bursting miracle ceased, and the meaning of it was then perceived. The pilgrims were intended to carry St. Thomas's water round the world, hung about their necks in bottles which could be at once secure and sufficiently diminutive for transport. A vessel that could be relied on being thus obtained, the trade became enormous. Though the holy thing might not be sold, the recipient of the gift expressed his gratitude by corresponding presents; and no diamond mine ever brought more wealth to its owners than St. Thomas's water brought to the monks of Canterbury.

As the time went on the miracles grew more and more prodigious. At first weak eyes were made strong; then sight was restored which was wholly gone. At first sick men were made whole; then dead men were brought back to life. At first there was the unconscious exaggeration of real phenomena; then there was incautious embellishment. Finally, in some instances of course with the best intentions, there was perhaps deliberate lying. To which of these classes the story should be assigned which has now to be told the reader must decide for himself. No miracle in sacred history is apparently better attested. The more complete the evidence, the more the choice is narrowed to the alternative between a real and supernatural occurrence and an intentional fraud.

In the year which followed Becket's death there lived near Bedford a small farmer named Aylward. This Aylward,

unable to recover otherwise a debt from one of his neighbors, broke into his debtor's house, and took possession of certain small articles of furniture to hold as security. The debtor pursued him, wounded him in a scuffle, and carried him before the head constable of the district, who happened to be Aylward's personal enemy. A charge of burglary was brought against him, with the constable's support. Aylward was taken before the sheriff, Sir Richard Fitzosbert, and committed to Bedford gaol to await his trial. The gaol chaplain in the interval took charge of his soul, gave him a whip with which to flog himself five times a day, and advised him to consign his cause to the Virgin, and especially to the martyr Thomas. At the end of a month he was brought before the justices at Leighton Buzzard. The constable appeared to prosecute; and his own story not being received as true, he applied for wager of battle with his accuser, or else for the ordeal of hot iron. Through underhand influence the judges refused either of these comparatively favorable alternatives, and sentenced the prisoner to the ordeal of water, which meant death by drowning or else dismemberment. The law of the Conqueror was still in force. The penalty of felony was not the axe or the gallows, but mutilation; and the water ordeal being over, which was merely a form, Aylward, in the presence of a large number of clergy and laity, was delivered to the knife. He bled so much that he was supposed to be dying, and he received the last sacrament. A compassionate neighbor, however, took him into his house, and attended to his wounds, which began slowly to heal. On the tenth night St. Thomas came to his bedside, made a cross on his forehead, and told him that if he presented himself the next day with a candle at the altar of the Virgin in Bedford Church, and did not doubt in his heart, but believed that God was able and willing to cure him, his eyes would be restored. In the morning he related his vision. It was reported to the dean, who himself accompanied him to the altar, the townspeople coming in crowds to witness the promised miracle. The blinded victim of injustice and false evidence believed as he was directed, and prayed as he was directed. The bandages were then removed from the empty eye-sockets, and in the hollows two small glittering spots were seen, the size of the eyes of a small bird, with which Aylward pronounced that he could again see. He set off at once to offer his thanks to his pre-

* "Hoc miraculum tam joco et risui multis extitit quam admirationi." — Materials, vol. ii.

server at Canterbury. The rumor of the miracle had preceded him, and in London he was detained by the bishop till the truth had been inquired into. The result was a deposition signed by the mayor and corporation of Bedford, declaring that they had ascertained the completeness of the mutilation beyond all possibility of doubt.

Very curiously, precisely the same miracle was repeated under similar conditions three years later. Some cavil had perhaps been raised on the sufficiency of the evidence. The burgesses of a country town were not, it may have been thought men of sufficient knowledge and education to be relied upon in so extraordinary a case. The very ability of a saint to restore parts of the human body which had been removed may have been privately called in question, and to silence incredulity the feat was performed a second time. There appeared in Canterbury in 1176 a youth named Rogers, bringing with him a letter from Hugh, Bishop of Durham, to the prior of the monastery. The letter stated that in the preceding September the bearer had been convicted of theft, and had been mutilated in the usual manner. He had subsequently begged his living in the Durham streets, and was well known to every one in the town to be perfectly blind. In this condition he had prayed to St. Thomas. St. Thomas had appeared to him in a red gown, with a mitre on his head and three wax candles in his hand, and had promised him restoration. From that moment his sight began to return, and in a short time he could discern the smallest objects. Though, as at Bedford, the eyes were *modica quantitates*, exceedingly minute, the functions were perfect. The bishop, to leave no room for mistake, took the oaths of the executioner and the witnesses of the mutilation. The cathedral bells were rung, and thanksgiving services were offered to God and St. Thomas.

So far the Bishop of Durham. But the story received a further confirmation by a coincidence scarcely less singular. When the subject of the miracle came to Canterbury, the judge who had tried him happened to be on a visit to the monastery. The meeting was purely accidental. The judge had been interested in the boy, and had closely observed him. He was able to swear that the eyes which he then saw were not the eyes which had been cut out by the executioner at Durham, being different from them in form and color.*

* Materials, vol. i., p. 423.

When the minds of bishops and judges were thus affected, we cease to wonder at the thousand similar stories which passed into popular belief. Many of them are childish, many grossly ridiculous. The language of the archbishop on his miraculous appearances was not like his own, but was the evident creation of the visionary who was the occasion of his visit; and his actions were alternately the actions of a benevolent angel or a malignant imp. But all alike were received as authentic, and served to swell the flood of illusion which overspread the Christian world. For four years the entire supernatural administration of the Church economy was passed over to St. Thomas; as if Heaven designed to vindicate the cause of the martyr of Canterbury by special and extraordinary favor. In vain during those years were prayers addressed to the Blessed Virgin; in vain the cripple brought his offerings to shrines where a miracle had never been refused before. The Virgin and the other dispensers of divine grace had been suspended from activity, that the champion of the Church might have the glory to himself. The elder saints had long gone to and fro on errands of mercy. They were now allowed to repose, and St. Thomas was all in all.*

Greater for a time than the Blessed Virgin, greater than the saints! — nay, another superiority was assigned to him still more astounding. The sacrifice of St. Thomas was considered to be wider and more gracious in its operation than the sacrifice of Calvary. Foliot, Bishop of London, so long his great antagonist, was taken ill a few years after the murder, and was thought to be dying. He was speechless. The Bishop of Salisbury sat by him, endeavoring to hear his confession before giving him the sacrament. The voice was choked, the lips were closed; he could neither confess his sins nor swallow his *viaticum*, and nothing lay before him but inevitable hell, when, by a happy thought, sacrament was added to sacrament — the wafer was sprinkled with the water of St.

† William of Canterbury mentions the case of a man in distress who prayed without effect to the Virgin. "Hujusmodi precibus," he says, "sæpius et propensius instabat; similiter et aliorum sanctorum suffragia postulabat, sed ad invocationem sui nominis non exaudierunt, qui retro tempora sua glorificationis habuerunt, ut et sua tempora propitiationis martyri modernus haberet. Pridem concurrerant quantum potuerunt et quantum debuerunt signis et prodigiis coruscantes: nunc tandem erat et novo martyri currendum, ut in catalogo sanctorum mirificus haberetur, Domino dispensante quæ, a quibus, et quibus temporibus fieri debeant. Eo namque currente et magna spatio transcurrente, illis tanquam veteranis et emeritis interim debebatur otium." — Materials, vol. i., p. 290.

Thomas, and again held to the mouth of the dying prelate. Marvel of marvels! the tightened sinews relaxed. The lips unclosed; the tongue resumed its office: and when all ghostly consolation had been duly offered and duly received, Foliot was allowed to recover.

"O martyr full of mercy!" exclaims the recorder of the miracle, "blessedly forgetful art thou of thy own injuries, who didst thus give to drink to thy disobedient and rebellious brother of the fountain of thy own blood. O deed without example! O act incomparable! Christ gave his flesh and blood to be eaten and drunk by sinners. St. Thomas, who imitated Christ in his passion, imitates him also in the sacrament. But there is this difference, that Christ damns those who eat and drink him unworthily, or takes their lives from them, or afflicts them with diseases. The blessed Thomas, doing according to his master's promise greater things than he, and being more full of mercy than he, gives his blood to his enemies as well as to his friends; and not only does not damn his enemies, but calls them back into the ways of peace. All men, therefore, may come to him and drink without fear, and they shall find salvation, body and soul."*

The details of the miracles contain many interesting pictures of old English life. St. Thomas was kind to persons drowned or drowning, kind to prisoners, especially kind to children. He was interested in naval matters—launching vessels from the stocks when the shipwrights could not move them, or saving mariners and fishermen in shipwrecks. According to William of Canterbury, the archbishop in his new condition had a weakness for the married clergy, many miracles being worked by him for a *focaria*. Dead lambs, geese, and pigs were restored to life, to silence Sadducees who doubted the resurrection. In remembrance of his old sporting days, the archbishop would mend the broken wings and legs of hawks which had suffered from the herons. Boys and girls found him always ready to listen to their small distresses. A Suffolk yeoman, William of Ramshott, had invited a party to a feast. A neighbor had made him a present of a cheese, and his little daughter Beatrice had been directed to put it away in a safe place. Beatrice did as she was told, but went to play with her brother Hugh, and forgot what she had done with it. The days went on; the feast was near.

The children hunted in every corner of the house, but no cheese could be found. The nearest town was far off. They had no money to buy another if they could reach it, and a whipping became sadly probable. An idea struck the little Hugh. "Sister," he said, "I have heard that the blessed Thomas is good and kind. Let us pray to Thomas to help us." They went to their beds, and, as Hugh foretold, the saint came to them in their dreams. "Don't you remember," he said, "the old crock in the back kitchen, where the butter used to be kept?" They sprang up, and all was well.

The original question between the king and the archbishop still agitated men's minds, and was still so far from practical settlement that visions were necessary to convert the impenitent. A knight of the court, who contended for the Constitutions of Clarendon, and continued stubborn, was struck with paralysis. Becket came and bade him observe that the judge of truth had decided against the king by signs and wonders, and that it was a sin to doubt any further. The knight acknowledged his error. Others were less penetrable. The miracles, it was still said, might be deceptive; and, true or false, miracles could not alter matters of plain right or wrong. Even women were found who refused to believe; and a characteristic story is told, in which we catch a glimpse of one of the murderers.

A party of gentlemen were dining at a house in Sussex. Hugh de Morville was in the neighborhood, and while they were sitting at dinner, a note was brought in from him asking one of the guests who was an old acquaintance to call and see him. The person to whom the note was addressed read it with signs of horror. When the cause was explained, the lady of the house said, "Is that all? What is there to be alarmed about? The priest Thomas is dead: well, why need that trouble us? The clergy were putting their feet on the necks of us all. The archbishop wanted to be the king's master, and he has not succeeded. Eat your victuals, neighbor, like an honest man." The poor lady expressed what doubtless many were feeling. An example was necessary, and one of her children was at once taken dangerously ill. The county neighbors said it was a judgment; she was made to confess her sins and carry her child to Canterbury to be cured, where, having been the subject of divine interposition, he was "dedicated to God" and was brought up a monk.

* Materials, vol. i., pp. 251, 252.

Through the offerings the monastery of Canterbury became enormously rich, and riches produced their natural effect. Giraldus Cambrensis, when he paid a visit there a few years later, found the monks dining more luxuriously than the king. According to Nigellus, the precentor of the cathedral, their own belief in the wonders which they daily witnessed was not profound, since in the midst of them Nigellus could write deliberately, as the excuse for the prevalent profligacy of the churchmen, "that the age of miracles was past." It was observed, and perhaps commented on, that unless the offerings were handsome the miracles were often withheld. So obvious was this feature that William of Canterbury was obliged to apologize for it. "The question rises," he says, "why the martyr takes such delight in these donations, being now, as he is, in heaven, where covetousness can have no place. Some say that the martyr, when in the body, on the occasion of his going into exile, borrowed much money, being in need of it for his fellow exiles, and to make presents at court. Being unable to repay his creditors in life, he may have been anxious after death that his debts should be discharged, lest his good name should suffer. And therefore it may be that all these kings and princes, knights, bishops, priests, monks, nuns, all ages and conditions, are inspired by God to come in such troops and take so many vows on them to grant pensions and annuities." *

There is no occasion to pursue into further details the history of this extraordinary alliance between religion and lying, which forced on Europe the most extravagant sacerdotalism by evidence as extravagant as itself. By an appropriate affinity the claims of the Church to spiritual supremacy were made to rest on falsehood, whether unconscious or deliberate, and when the falsehood ceased to be credible the system which was based upon it collapsed. Thus all illusions work at last their own retribution. Ecclesiastical miracles are not worked in vindication of purity of life or piety of character. They do not intrude themselves into a presence to which they can lend no increase of beauty and furnish no additional authority. They are the spurious offspring of the passion of theologians for their own most extravagant assumptions. They are believed, they become the material of an idolatry, till the awakened conscience of

the better part of mankind rises at last in revolt, and the fantastic pretensions and the evidence alleged in support of them depart together and cumber the world no more. We return to authentic history.

When the news of the catastrophe at Canterbury arrived in Normandy the king was for a time stunned. None knew better than he the temper of his subjects on the present condition of the dispute with the Church. The death of the great disturber was natural and may, perhaps, have been inevitable. Nevertheless, if the result of it, as seemed too likely to be the case, was his own excommunication and an interdict on his dominions, a rebellion in Normandy was certain, and a rebellion in England was only too probable. Firm as might have been his own grasp, his hold on his continental duchies was not strengthened by his English sovereignty. The Norman nobles and prelates saw their country sliding into a province of the island kingdom which their fathers had subdued. If they were to lose their independence, their natural affinity was towards the land with which they were geographically combined. The revolutionary forces were already at work which came to maturity in the next generation, and if Normandy and Anjou were laid under interdict for a crime committed in England and for an English cause, an immediate insurrection might be anticipated with certainty. The state of England was scarcely more satisfactory. The young princes, who had been over-indulged in childhood, were showing symptoms of mutiny. The private relations between an English sovereign and his family were not yet regarded as the property of his subjects; the chroniclers rarely indulged in details of royal scandals, and the dates of Henry's infidelities are vaguely given. Giraldus says that he remained true to his queen till she tempted her sons into rebellion, but Eleanor herself might have told the story differently, and the fire which was about to burst so furiously may have been long smouldering. As to the people generally, it was evident that Becket had a formidable faction among them. The humpbacked Earl of Leicester was dead, but his son, the new earl, was of the same temper as his father. The barons resented the demolition of their castles, which the king had already begun, and the curtailment of their feudal authority. An exasperating inquiry was at that moment going forward into the conduct of the sheriffs. They had levied tax and toll at

* Materials, vol. i., p. 327.

their pleasure, and the king's interference with them they regarded as an invasion of their liberties. Materials for complaint were lying about in abundance, and anything might be feared if to the injuries of the knights and barons were added the injuries of the Church, and rebellion could be gilded with a show of sanctity. The same spirit which sent them to die under the walls of Acre might prompt them equally to avenge the murder of the archbishop. Henry himself was a representative of his age. He, too, really believed that the clergy were semi-supernatural beings whose curse it might be dangerous to undergo. The murder itself had been accompanied with every circumstance most calculated to make a profound impression. The sacrilege was something, but the sacrilege was not the worst. Many a bloody scene had been witnessed in that age in church and cathedral; abbots had invaded one another at the head of armed parties; monks had fought and been killed within consecrated walls, and sacred vessels and sacred relics had been carried off among bleeding bodies. High dignitaries were occasionally poisoned in the sacramental wine, and such a crime, though serious, was not regarded as exceptionally dreadful. But Becket had but just returned to England after a formal reconciliation in the presence of all Europe. The king of France, the Count of Flanders, and the Count of Blois had pledged their words for his safety. He had been killed in his own cathedral. He had fallen with a dignity and even grandeur which his bitterest enemies were obliged to admire. The murderers were Henry's own immediate attendants, and Henry could not deny that he had himself used words which they might construe into a sanction of what they had done.

Giraldus Cambrensis, who when young had seen and spoken with him, has left us a sketch of Henry the Second's appearance and character more than usually distinct. Henry was of middle height, with a thick short neck and a square chest. His body was stout and fleshy, his arms sinewy and long. His head was round and large, his hair and beard reddish brown, his complexion florid, his eyes grey, with fire glowing at the bottom of them. His habits were exceptionally temperate; he ate little, drank little, and was always extremely active. He was on horseback at dawn, either hunting or else on business. When off his horse he was on his feet, and rarely sat down till supper time. He was easy of approach, gra-

cious, pleasant, and in conversation remarkably agreeable. Notwithstanding his outdoor habits he had read largely, and his memory was extremely tenacious. It was said of him that he never forgot a face which he had once seen, or a thing which he had heard or read that was worth remembering. He was pious too, Giraldus says, *pietate spectabilis*. The piety unfortunately, in Giraldus's eyes, took the wrong shape of an over-zeal for justice, which brought him into his trouble with the Church, while to his technical "religious duties" he was less attentive than he ought to have been. He allowed but an hour a day for mass, and while mass was being said he usually thought of something else. To the poor he was profusely charitable, "filling the hungry with good things, and sending the rich empty away." He was *largus in publico, parvus in privato*; he spent freely in the public service and little on himself. As a statesman he was reserved, seldom showing his own thoughts. He was a good judge of character, rarely changing an opinion of a man which he had once formed. He was patient of opposition, and trusted much to time to find his way through difficulties. In war he was dangerous from his energy and his intellect. But he had no love for war, he was essentially a friend of peace, and after a battle could not control his emotion at the loss of his men. "In short," Giraldus concludes, "if God had but elected him to grace and converted him to a right understanding of the privileges of his Church, he would have been an incomparable prince."* Such was Henry, the first of the English Plantagenet kings, a man whose faults it is easy to blame, whose many excellences it would have been less easy to imitate—a man of whom may be said what can be affirmed but rarely of any mortal, that the more clearly his history is known the more his errors will be forgiven, the more we shall find to honor and admire.

He was at Argenteuil when the fatal account was brought to him. He shut himself in his room, ate nothing for three days, and for five weeks remained in penitential seclusion. Time was precious, for his enemies were not asleep. Lewis and the Archbishop of Sens wrote passionately to the pope, charging the king with the guilt of the murder, and insisting that so enormous an outrage should be punished at once and with the utmost severity. The Archbishop of Sens, on his own

* Giraldus, vol. v., p. 301, etc.

auth
inter
gy a
firm
the
him
bish
to e
expl
ger
slow
of V
and
On
refu
adm
the
with
at t
pop
too
Ale
exco
with
to d
bish
a pr
any
and
pop
of t
was
The
to r
be f
of
susp
by t
firm
H
the
Ale
to E
his
port
and
Ron
peac
whic
him
been
In
tian
but
had
Cus
Lat
No

* 7
Bish
inhib
liver

authority as legate, laid Normandy under interdict, and Alexander, startled into energy at last, sent persons to the spot to confirm the archbishop's action, and to extend the censures over England. Henry roused himself at last. He despatched the Archbishop of Rouen and two other bishops * to explain what had happened, so far as explanation was possible; and as the danger was pressing and bishops travelled slowly, three other churchmen, the Abbot of Valaise and the Archdeacons of Lisieux and Salisbury, pushed on before them. On their first arrival these envoys were refused an audience. When they were admitted to Alexander's presence at last, the attempt at palliation was listened to with horror. Two of Becket's clergy were at the papal court, and had possession of pope and cardinals, and it appeared only too likely that at the approaching Easter Alexander himself would declare Henry excommunicated. By private negotiations with some of the cardinals they were able to delay the sentence till the coming of the bishops. The bishops brought with them a promise on Henry's part to submit to any penance which the pope might enjoin, and to acquiesce in any order which the pope might prescribe for the government of the clergy. An immediate catastrophe was thus averted. Cardinals Albert and Theodoric were commissioned at leisure to repair to Normandy and do what might be found necessary. To the mortification of Lewis the censures were meanwhile suspended, and the interdict pronounced by the Archbishop of Sens was not confirmed.

Henry on his part prepared to deserve the pope's forgiveness. Uncertain what Alexander might resolve upon, he returned to England as soon as he had recovered his energy. He renewed the orders at the ports against the admission of strangers and against the introduction of briefs from Rome, which might disturb the public peace. He then at once undertook a duty which long before had been enjoined upon him by Alexander's predecessor, and had been left too long neglected.

Ireland had been converted to the Christian faith by an apostle from the Holy See, but in seven centuries the Irish Church had degenerated from its original purity. Customs had crept in unknown in other Latin communions, and savoring of schism. No regular communication had been main-

tained with the authorities at Rome; no confirmation of abbots and bishops had been applied for or paid for. At a council held in 1151 a papal legate had been present, and an arrangement had been made for the presentation of the pallis of the four Irish archbishops. But the legate's general account of the state of Irish affairs increased the pope's anxiety for more vigorous measures. Not only Peter's pence and first-fruits were not paid to himself — not only tithes were not paid to the clergy — but the most sacred rites were perverted or neglected. In parts of the island children were not baptized at all. When baptism was observed, it more resembled a magical ceremony than a sacrament of the Church. Any person who happened to be present at a birth dipped the child three times in water or milk, without security for the use of the appointed words. Marriage scarcely could be said to exist. An Irish chief took as many wives as he pleased, and paid no respect to degrees of consanguinity.* Even incest was not uncommon † among them. The clergy, though not immoral in the technical sense, were hard drinkers. The bishops lived in religious houses, and preferred a quiet life to interfering with lawlessness and violence. The people of Ireland, according to Giraldus, who was sent over to study their character, were bloodthirsty savages, and strangers who settled among them caught their habits by an irresistible instinct. But Ireland, religious Ireland especially, had something in its history which commanded respect and interest. A thousand saints had printed their names and memories on Irish soil. St. Patrick and St. Bride had worked more miracles than even the water of St. Thomas. Apostles from Ireland had carried the Christian faith into Scotland, into Iceland, and into Scandinavia.

The popes felt the exclusion of so singular a country from the Catholic commonwealth to be a scandal which ought no longer to be acquiesced in. In 1155 Pope Adrian had laid before Henry the Second the duty imposed on Christian princes to extend the truth among barbarous nations, to eradicate vice, and to secure Peter's pence to the Holy See; and a bull had been issued, sanctioning and enjoining the conquest of Ireland.‡

* "Plerique enim illorum quot volebant uxores habebant, et etiam cognatas suas germanas habere solebant sibi uxores." — Benedict, vol. i., p. 28.

† "Non incestus vitant." — Giraldus Cambrensis, vol. v., p. 138.

‡ Irish Catholic historians pretend that the bull was

* The Bishop of Worcester was one of them. The Bishop of Worcester could explain to the pope why his inhibitory letter on the coronation had never been delivered in England.

Busy with more pressing concerns, Henry had put off the expedition from year to year. Meanwhile, the Irish chiefs and kings were quarrelling among themselves. MacMorrrough of Leinster was driven out, and had come to England for help. The king hesitated in his answer; but volunteers had been found for the service in Sir Robert Fitzstephen, Sir Maurice Prendergast, Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, Earl Richard Strigul, with other knights and gentlemen who were eager for adventure; and a Norman occupation had been made good along the eastern coast of Munster and Leinster. The invasion had been undertaken without the king's consent. He had affected to regard it with disapproval; and the Irish of the west, rallying from their first panic, were collecting in force to drive the intruders into the sea. The desirableness of doing something to entitle him to the pope's gratitude; the convenience of absence from home at a time when dangerous notices might be served upon him, and the certainty that Alexander would hesitate to pronounce him excommunicated when engaged in a conquest which, being undertaken under a papal sanction, resembled a crusade, determined Henry to use the opportunity, and at last accomplish the mission which Adrian had imposed upon him. After his return from Normandy, he passed rapidly through England. He collected a fleet at Milford Haven, and landed at Waterford on October 18, 1171. All Ireland, except the north, at once submitted. The king spent the winter in Dublin in a palace of wattles, the best lodging which the country could afford. In the spring he was able to report to Alexander that the obnoxious customs were abolished, that Catholic discipline had been introduced, and that the Irish tribute would be thenceforward punctually remitted to the papal treasury.

Could he have remained in Ireland for another year, the conquest would have

a Norman forgery. The bull was alleged to have been granted in 1155; in 1179 it was acted upon. In 1171-2 a council was held at Cashel, in which the reforms demanded by Pope Adrian were adopted, and the Irish Church was remodelled, and a report of the proceedings was forwarded to Alexander the Third. In 1174 a confirmation of the original bull was published, professing to have been signed by Alexander. In 1177 Cardinal Vivian came as legate from Rome, who, in a synod at Dublin, declared formally in the pope's name that the sovereignty of Ireland was vested in the English king, and enjoined the Irish to submit *sub pænâ anathematis*. It requires some hardihood to maintain in the face of these undisputed facts that the pope was kept in ignorance that the island had been invaded and conquered under a sanction doubly forged, and that Cardinal Vivian was either a party to the fraud, or that when in Ireland he never discovered it.

been completed; but in April he was recalled to meet the two cardinals who had arrived in Normandy to receive his submission for Becket's death. The Irish annexation was of course a service which was permitted to be counted in his favor, but the circumstances of the murder, and Henry's conduct in connection with it, both before and after, still required an appearance of scrutiny. Not the least remarkable feature in the story is that the four knights had not been punished. They had not been even arrested. They had gone together, after leaving Canterbury, to De Morville's castle of Knaresborough. They had been excommunicated, but they had received no further molestation. It has been conjectured that they owed their impunity to Becket's own claim for the exclusive jurisdiction of the spiritual courts in cases where spiritual persons were concerned. But the wildest advocates of the immunities of the Church had never dreamed of protecting laymen who had laid their hands on clerks. The explanation was that the king had acted honorably by taking the responsibility on himself, and had not condescended to shield his own reputation by the execution of men whose fault had been over-loyalty to himself. Elizabeth might have remembered with advantage the example of her ancestor when she punished Davison, under circumstances not wholly dissimilar, for the execution of the Queen of Scots.

The king met the cardinals at Caen in the middle of May. At the first interview the difficulty was disposed of which was most immediately pressing, and arrangements were made for a repetition of the ceremony which had been the occasion of the excommunication of the bishops. Prince Henry and the Princess Margaret were again crowned at Winchester on the 27th of August by the Archbishop of Rouen and the Bishops of Evreux and Worcester, the same prelates who had gone on the mission to Rome.

At Avranches on the 27th of September, at a second and more solemn assembly, the king confessed his guilt for the archbishop's death. He had not desired it, he said, and it had caused him the deepest sorrow; but he admitted that he had used words which the knights had naturally misconstrued. He attempted no palliation, and declared himself willing to endure any penalty which the cardinals might be pleased to impose.

The conditions with which the cardinals were satisfied implied an admission that in the original quarrel the right had lain

with
terbu
essen
contin
as Al
as a
as he
promi
Rome
the re
suspe
crown
himse
custo
which
reign
be fou
Becke
leges
bury.
with a
Holy
that I
Mean
hundu
On
Geoff
Becke
twice
rics.
absol
court,
as cr
consig
death
has d
murde
on th
ticiary
in 117
age
year's
of No
chose
A Fi
Norm
a fam
Macn
Son o
But
the o
Becke
been
of Be
by th
of F
not t
hange
not d
Earl
of Co
was a

with the king. All the miracles at Canterbury had made no difference in this essential point. The king promised to continue his support to Alexander as long as Alexander continued to recognize him as a Catholic sovereign—as long, that is, as he did not excommunicate him. He promised not to interfere with appeals to Rome in ecclesiastical causes, but with the reservation that if he had ground for suspecting an invasion of the rights of the crown, he might take measures to protect himself. He promised to abandon any customs complained of by the Church which had been introduced in his own reign; but such customs, he said, would be found to be few or none. He pardoned Becket's friends; he restored the privileges and the estates of the see of Canterbury. For himself, he took the cross, with a vow to serve for three years in the Holy Land, unless the pope perceived that his presence was needed elsewhere. Meanwhile he promised to maintain two hundred Templars there for a year.

On these terms Henry was absolved. Geoffrey Ridel and John of Oxford, Becket's active opponents, whom he had twice cursed, were promoted to bishoprics. The four knights must have been absolved also, since they returned to the court, and, like their master, took the vows as crusaders. The monastic chroniclers consign them to an early and miserable death. The industry of Dean Stanley has discovered them, two years after the murder, to have been again in attendance on the sovereign. Tracy became justiciary of Normandy, and was at Falaise in 1174, when William the Lion did homage to Henry. De Morville, after a year's suspension, became again justiciary of Northumberland. Fitzurse apparently chose Ireland as the scene of his penance. A Fitzurse was in the second flight of Norman invaders, and was the founder of a family known to later history as the Macmahons, the Irish equivalent of the Son of the Bear.

But Henry was not yet delivered from the consequences of his contest with Becket, and the conspiracy which had been formed against him under the shelter of Becket's name was not to be dissolved by the spell of a papal absolution. Lewis of France had taken up Becket's cause, not that felonious clerks might go unchanged, but that an English king might not divide his own land with him. The Earl of Leicester had torn down Reginald of Cologne's altars, not alone because he was an orthodox Catholic, but that, with

the help of an ambitious ecclesiasticism, he might break the power of the crown. Through France, through England, through Normandy, a combination had been formed for Henry's humiliation, and although the pope no longer sanctioned it, the purpose was deeply laid, and could not lightly be surrendered.

Unable to strike at his rival as a spiritual outlaw, Lewis found a point where he was no less vulnerable in the jealousy of his queen and the ambition and pride of his sons. His aim was to separate England from its French dependencies. He, and perhaps Eleanor, instigated Prince Henry to demand after the second coronation that his father should divide his dominions, and make over one part or the other to him as an independent sovereign. The king of course refused. Prince Henry and his wife escaped to Lewis *per consilium comitum et baronum Angliæ et Normanniæ qui patrem suum odio habebant*.^{*} The younger princes, Richard and Geoffrey, followed them; and a council was held at Paris, where the Count of Flanders, the Count of Boulogne, William the Lion, and the Earl of Huntingdon from Scotland, and the English and Norman disaffected nobles, combined with Lewis for a general attack upon the English king. England was to rise. Normandy was to rise. William was to invade Northumberland. The Count of Flanders was to assist the English insurgents in the eastern counties. Lewis himself was to lead an army into Normandy, where half the barons and bishops were ready to join him. The three English princes, embittered, it may be, by their mother's injuries, swore to make no peace with their father without consent of their allies.

For a time it seemed as if Henry must be overwhelmed. Open enemies were on all sides of him. Of his professed friends too many were disloyal at heart. The Canterbury frenzy added fuel to the conflagration, by bringing God into the field. The Earl of Norfolk and Lord Ferras rose in East Anglia. Lewis and young Henry crossed the frontier into Normandy. The Scots poured over the Tweed into Northumberland. Ireland caught the contagion uninvited; the greater part of the force which had remained there was recalled, and only a few garrisons were left. Had Alexander allowed the Church to lend its help, the king must have fallen; but Alexander honorably adhered to his engagement at Avranches.

^{*} Benedict.

The king himself remained on the Continent, struggling as he best could against war and treason. Chief Justice de Luci and Humfrey de Bohun faced the Scots beyond Newcastle, and drove them back to Berwick. In the midst of their success they learned that the Earl of Leicester had landed in Norfolk with an army of Flemings. They left the north to its fate. They flew back. Lord Arundel joined them, and the old Earl of Cornwall, who befriended Becket while he could, but had no sympathies with rebellion. They fell on the Flemings near Bury St. Edmunds, and flung them into total wreck. Ten thousand were killed. Leicester himself and the rest were taken, and scarce a man escaped to carry back the news to Gravelines.*

The victory in Norfolk was the first break in the cloud. The rebellion in England had its back broken, and waverers began to doubt, in spite of the miracles, whether God was on its side. Bad news, however, came from the north. The Scots flowed back, laying waste Cumberland and Northumberland with wild ferocity. At the opening of the summer of 1174 another army of French, Flemings, and insurgent English was collected at Gravelines to revenge the defeat at Bury, and this time the Earl of Flanders and Prince Henry were to come in person at the head of it.

An invasion so led and countenanced could only be resisted by the king in person. The barons had sworn allegiance to the prince, and the more loyal of them might be uncertain in what direction their duties lay. Sad and stern, prepared for the worst, yet resolute to contend to the last against the unnatural coalition, Henry crossed in July to Southampton; but, before repairing to London to collect his forces, he turned aside out of his road for a singular and touching purpose.

Although the conspiracy against which he was fighting was condemned by the pope, it had grown nevertheless too evidently out of the contest with Becket, which had ended so terribly. The combination of his wife and sons with his other enemies was something off the course of nature — strange, dark, and horrible. He was abler than most of his contemporaries, but his piety was (as with most wise men) a check upon his intellect. He, it is clear, did not share in the suspicion that the miracles at the archbishop's tomb were the work either of fraud or enchantment.

He was not a person who for political reasons would affect emotions which he despised. He had been Becket's friend. Becket had been killed, in part at least, through his own fault; and, though he might still believe himself to have been essentially right in the quarrel, the miracles showed that the archbishop had been really a saint. A more complete expiation than the pope had enjoined might be necessary before the avenging spirit, too manifestly at work, could be pacified.

From Southampton he directed his way to Canterbury, where the bishops had been ordered to meet him. He made offerings at the various churches which he passed on his way. On reaching Harbledown, outside the city, he alighted at the Chapel of St. Nicholas, and thence went * on foot to St. Dunstan's Oratory, adjoining the wall. At the oratory he stripped off his usual dress. He put on a hair penitential shirt, over which a coarse pilgrim's cloak was thrown; and in this costume, with bare and soon bleeding feet, Henry, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Normandy, and Count of Anjou, walked through the streets to the cathedral. Pausing at the spot where the archbishop had fallen, and kissing the stone, he descended into the crypt to the tomb, burst into tears, and flung himself on the ground. There, surrounded by a group of bishops, knights, and monks, he remained long upon his knees in silent prayer. The Bishop of London said for him, what he had said at Avranches, that he had not commanded the murder, but had occasioned it by his hasty words. When the bishop ended, he rose, and repeated his confession with his own lips. He had caused the archbishop's death; therefore he had come in person to acknowledge his sin, and to entreat the brothers of the monastery to pray for him.

At the tomb he offered rich silks and wedges of gold. To the chapter he gave lands. For himself he vowed to erect and endow a religious house, which should be dedicated to St. Thomas. Thus amply, in the opinion of the monks, *reconciliari meruit*, he deserved to be forgiven. But the satisfaction was still incomplete. The martyr's injuries, he said, must be avenged on his own person. He threw off his cloak, knelt again, and laid his head upon the tomb. Each bishop and abbot present struck him five times with a whip. Each one of the eighty monks struck him thrice. Strange scene! None can be found more

* October 16, 1173.

* July 12.

characteristic of the age; none more characteristic of Henry Plantagenet.

The penance done, he rose and resumed his cloak; and there by the tomb through the remainder of the July day, and through the night till morning, he remained silently sitting, without food or sleep. The cathedral doors were left open by his orders. The people of the city came freely to gape and stare at the singular spectacle. There was the terrible King Henry, who had sent the knights to kill their archbishop, sitting now in dust and ashes. The most ingenious cunning could not have devised a better method of winning back the affection of his subjects; yet with no act of king or statesman had ingenious cunning ever less to do. In the morning he heard mass, and presented offerings at the various altars. Then he became king once more, and rode to London to prepare for the invader. If his humiliation was an act of vain superstition, Providence encouraged him in his weakness. On the day which followed it William the Lion was defeated and made prisoner at Alnwick. A week later came news that the army at Gravelines had dissolved, and that the invasion was abandoned. Delivered from peril at home, Henry flew back to France and flung Lewis back over his own frontier. St. Thomas was now supposed to be fighting for King Henry. Imagination becomes reality when it gives to one party certainty of victory, to the other the anticipation of defeat. By the spring of 1175 the great combination was dissolved. The princes returned to their duty; the English and Norman rebels to their allegiance; and with Alexander's mediation Henry and Lewis and the Count of Flanders were for a time once more reconciled.

Though the formal canonization of Becket could not be accomplished with the speed which his impatient friends demanded, it was declared with the least delay which the necessary forms required. A commission which was sent from Rome to inquire into the authenticity of the miracles having reported satisfactorily, the promotion of the archbishop was immediately decreed, and the monks were able to pray to him without fear of possible irregularity. Due honor having been thus paid to the Church's champion, it became possible to take up again the ever-pressing problem of the Church's reform.

Between the pope and the king there had never really been much difference of opinion. They were now able to work

harmoniously together. A successor for Becket at Canterbury was found in the Prior of Dover, for whose good sense we have a sufficient guarantee in the abhorrence with which he was regarded by the ardent champions of Church supremacy. The reformation was commenced in Normandy. After the ceremony at Avranches the cardinals who had come from Rome to receive Henry's confession held a council there. The resolutions arrived at show that the picture of the condition of the clergy left to us by Nigellus is not really overdrawn. It was decided that children were to be no more admitted to the cure of souls — a sufficient proof that children had been so admitted. It was decided that the sons of priests should not succeed to their father's preferments — an evidence not only of the habits of the incumbents, but of the tendency of Church benefices to become hereditary. Yet more significantly the guilty bargains were forbidden by which benefices were let out to farm, and lay patrons presented incumbents on condition of sharing the offertory money; while pluralist ecclesiastics, of whom Becket himself had been a conspicuous instance, were ordered to give a third, at least, of their tithes to the vicars. At the close of the war, in 1175, a similar council was held at Westminster under the new primate. Not only the Avranches resolutions were adopted there, but indications appeared that among the English clergy simony and license were at a yet grosser point than on the Continent. Benefices had been publicly set up to sale. The religious houses received money for the admission of monks and nuns. Priests, and even bishops, had demanded fees for the administration of the sacrament; while as regarded manners and morals, it was evident that the priestly character sat lightly on the secular clergy. They carried arms; they wore their hair long like laymen; they frequented taverns and more questionable places; the more reputable among them were sheriffs and magistrates. So far as decrees of a council could alter the inveterate habits of the order, a better state of things was attempted to be instituted. In the October following, Cardinal Hugesun came from Rome to arrange the vexed question of the liability of clerks to trial in the civil courts. The customs for which Henry pleaded seem at that time to have been substantially recognized. Offenders were degraded by their ordinaries and passed over to the secular judges. For one particular class of offences definite statutory

powers were conceded to the State. The clergy were notorious violators of the forest laws. Deer-stealing implied a readiness to commit other crimes, and Cardinal Hugezun formally consented that orders should be no protection in such cases. The betrayal of their interests on a matter which touched so nearly the occupation of their lives was received by the clergy with a scream of indignation. Their language on the occasion is an illustration of what may have been observed often, before and since, that no order of men are less respectful to spiritual authority when they disapprove its decrees.

"The aforesaid cardinal," wrote Benedict and Walter of Coventry, "conceded to the king the right of impleading the clerks of his realm under the forest laws, and of punishing them for taking deer. Limb of Satan that he was! mercenary satellite of the devil himself! Of a shepherd he was made a robber. Seeing the wolf coming, he fled away and left the sheep whom the supreme pontiff had committed to his charge."*

The angry advocates of ecclesiastical license might have spared their passion. The laws of any country cannot be maintained above the level of the average intelligence of the people; and in another generation the clergy would be free to carry their crossbows without danger of worse consequences than a broken crown from the staff of a gamekeeper. "Archbishop Richard," says Giraldus, "basely surrendered the rights which the martyr Thomas had fought for and won, but Archbishop Stephen recovered them." The blood of St. Thomas had not been shed, and the martyr of Canterbury had not been allowed a monopoly of wonder-working, that a priest should be forbidden to help himself to a haunch of venison on festival days. In the great charter of English freedom the liberties of the Church were comprehended in the form, or almost in the form, in which Becket himself would have defined them. The barons paid for the support of the clergy on that memorable occasion by the concession of their most extravagant demands. Benefit of clergy thenceforward was permitted to throw an enchanted shield not round deer-stealers only, but round thieves and murderers, and finally round every villain that could read. The spiritual courts, under the name of liberty, were allowed to de-

velop a system of tyranny and corruption unparalleled in the administrative annals of any time or country. The English laity were for three centuries condemned to writhe under the yoke which their own credulous folly had imposed on them, till the spirit of Henry the Second at length revived, and the aged iniquity was brought to judgment at the Reformation.

J. A. FROUDE.

[Published by arrangement with HARPER & BROTHERS.]

DA CAPO

BY MISS THACKERAY.

CHAPTER IX.

TABLE D'HOTE.

ALL the doors were opening, and the tenants coming out of their rooms with various appetites and attempts at adornment. Mrs. Bracy was arrayed in her most gorgeous hues, with an Indian scarf wound about her ample shoulders. But even Mrs. Bracy's colors faded before some of the amazing rainbows that appeared balanced on their high heels—puffed, frizzed, stuffed out with horsehair, tied in by strings, and dabbed with red and yellow—as, male and female, they descended the great staircase and took their places at the long table. Felicia's place was, as usual, by Jasper and Mrs. Bracy. Miss Harrow sat opposite with Mr. Bracy. The day before Baxter had been at Felicia's right hand, and all dinner-time they had chatted comfortably together. To-day she looked round at his empty place; it was filled by a well-worn foreign edition of Miss Harrow—a little haggard woman, with an anxious glance and appetite, who seemed to eat not because she was hungry, but because she had paid for her dinner, and was determined to have her money's worth. She looked at Miss Marlow once or twice. "They will give you ice if you demand them," she said, in tolerable English, to Felicia, "and you have a right to a wing of the chick. Some people have left since yesterday; you have been moved up by Mr. Franz. You are not such a large party as you were. I am all alone; yes, I am always travelling alone. Where is that gentleman who was travelling with you yesterday?"

Felicia felt her cheeks blush up sud-

* "Ecce membrum Satanæ! ecce ipsius Satanæ conductus satelles! qui tam subito factus de pastore raptor videns lupum venientem fugit, et dimisit oves sibi a summo pontifice commissas."

denly, and then she blushed again with vexation.

"Interlachen is a dull place for gentlemen who can walk. Ah! here comes the salad," said the little woman, who saw it all, but pretended to be looking at her plate. "Do not pass it over. Mr. Franz makes such good salad. I tell the lady what good salad you make," said she to the head waiter; and then the little ghost-like woman began to devour the green lettuce in a curious, hurried way, as if she feared that her food might be taken away from her. "It is sad to be all alone in places like these," she went on, with a quick look at Felicia. "I make friends, but people go away, and it is all to begin again;" and she flirted out a great green fan, and began to whisk it backward and forward.

The great hall grew hotter and hotter; the voices seemed to rise, the clatter to increase; the waiters were flying about; a moraine of smoking dishes, of plates, and scraps of comestibles seemed hurled by some invisible means across the great counter at the far end of the room. Felicia's spirits sank lower and lower. All alone! Something in the woman's voice seemed to rouse a dismal echo in her own mind. The sight of that thin, nervous hand, flickering, darting at the salt, flying at the dishes, in the place of Aurelius's tranquil neighborhood, seemed to play upon every nerve. Where was he? what was he thinking? Would that poor woman never keep quiet? She had a longing to seize the skinny hand and tie it down. If Felicia disliked her unknown companion's eager movements, the firm grasp of Mrs. Bracy's fat familiar fingers was almost as trying.

"Do not talk so much to that horrid woman, my dear," said the poetess. "She wants to join on to our party. I will not have her impose upon you."

"Hush! she will hear you," says Felicia; for she saw the little bat-like lady's eyes fixed upon Mrs. Bracy's lips.

"My dear child, these people have no conscience," said Flora, crossly. "Edgar" (bending forward), "what do you say?"

"We shall have fine weather for our expedition to-morrow," shouts Mr. Bracy across the table. "This gentleman," pointing to a very red face and a flannel shirt, "has come just from Murren, by the Scheideck. He tells me the mountains are looking remarkably fine just now. Who knows what inspirations — eh, Flora my love?" And Mr. Bracy suddenly be-

gan confidentially, in an undertone, to his new-found friend, and Felicia could tell from the expression of the little man's eyebrows that he was speaking of the poems. Then her thoughts travelled away from the clatter of the present to the mountains of to-morrow. She impatiently longed to get to them, to breathe their silent, pure air, to escape this stifling valley, which had suddenly lost all interest for her, all vitality. Her heart sank, and sank, into some depth where pain began and no happiness could reach. What was Jasper saying? — did she feel faint? would she come out? A sort of mist fell between her and her neighbors.

"Take my fan," says the strange lady.

Mrs. Bracy looked at her young companion, and thought of proposing to leave the table with her; but the ices were coming round at that moment: they looked so refreshing in their pink pyramids that, on second thoughts, she helped herself largely. "This will do you good, dear Felicia," she said; but Felicia jumped up quickly, and escaped through a door which happened to be behind her chair. They found her sitting quietly on the balcony outside their sitting-room, when they rejoined her. She looked very pale; she was watching the floating snow-range in its evening dream of light and silver and faint azalea tints. Others had come out to see the wonders of that sunset.

The tongues of fire fell that night upon the company assembled in the garden of the Hôtel des Alpes at Interlachen — Parthians with many glances and chignons, clergymen and Jews and infidels taking their hard-earned holidays together, the light fell upon them all, and they all spoke in wondrous words of praise.

The very children seemed impressed. The fire leaped from snow to snow, dazzling in tender might. The mountain seemed to put out great wings, to tremble with a mysterious life and wonder; the snow-fields hung mid-air; the radiance of their summits seemed to spread into space. People came out from the long tables where they had been dining, streaming out into the garden where the miracle was to be seen. Voices changed, people changed; for a few moments one impulse seemed to touch all these human beings, calling them to something most mysterious and beyond them, utterly beyond expression or remembrance. Such a mood coming from without, imposed by inanimate things upon the living, seems to be some ancient history of revelation realized once again. Their faces

shone as they turned toward the mountain, burning with its light.

Upon a balcony of the hotel our poetess had appeared, shrouded in a long gauze veil. She stood, tablets in hand, and pausing for inspiration. Mrs. Bracy hated people to talk when she was taking notes. She desired some one who exclaimed in the room within to be silent now, and presently her own voice was the only one to be heard, upraised in shrill approbation of the solemn beauty of the evening.

One or two people had left the garden and the crowd, and crossed the road, and sat quietly upon the low parapet opposite, watching. The Swiss women, who seem hired at so much a day to walk slowly up and down the avenue, in starched sleeves, with go-carts, ceased to drag for a moment, and stopped to look. So did the sentimental German ladies with their hand-bags, and the eager English tourists, and the Swiss students in spectacles, their arms full of books, and the Russian and American travellers in their well-fitting clothes.

The glory passed on by degrees; an awful shadow rose from the valley, and mounted upward, rapid, remorseless. The beautiful flames of a moment sank away; the pinnacles still dominated, with their fiery points yet burning; an instant more, and all was over in that wonder-world, and the oil lamps resumed the reign upon earth.

The old diplomate on his terrace went back to his evening paper; two young girls at a window clasped each other's hands in youthful enthusiasm and regret; the lady in the balcony continued her remarks.

"Did you not observe the marvellous effect of that last, last tint, succumbing, as it were, to the great —"

"It is a passion of atmospheric word-painting," interrupted Jasper, who had been hastily making a sketch.

There was a sudden burst of voices from the garden below. "Sugar, absolutely like sugar!" cried a young Russian lady to her partner of the night before.

"Sugar!" cried Mrs. Bracy; "do they liken that noble mass to sugar — that livid, living, loving —"

"My dear Flora, do see after Miss Marlow!" said little Mr. Bracy, anxiously.

"It is nothing, nothing," said Felicia, trying in vain to hush her sobs. Suddenly the poor little thing had burst into tears, and all the gold stoppers out of her travelling-bag were produced in vain to soothe her troubles. Some remembrance of the

night before had come over her, some sudden realization of her lonely state; and yet Baxter was only ten miles off, toiling up the mountain road to Grindelwald, as it lies on the mountain-side at the foot of the Eiger, and of the great Wetterhorn, with its crown of floating mist.

Mrs. Bracy may have had her suspicions, but she bided her time, and kept her words to herself. Felicia was petted, sent to bed, to all sorts of vague, agitated dreams of parting and desolate places, to dreary startings and remorseful awakenings as the night sped on with stars without, to the murmurs and muffled cries from the valley.

And then, after the long night, came morning, as it comes, with a sort of surprise; day breaking once more after the darkness of many hours; the sweet irresistible light reaching everywhere, into every corner — spreading across the valleys as they lie dimly in their dreams. It starts along the mountain-side; the shadows melt, disperse. Crisp ridges come into streaming relief; then the snow-fields are gained, and, lo! mysterious, simultaneous, behold the lights break forth on every side, and the dazzling white Jungfrau floats dominant, supreme, once more.

CHAPTER X.

AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

THEY set off for Grindelwald next day in two quick-trotting carriages. The horses were hung with cheerful little bells, and seemed well able to face the steep pass. "How delicious!" cried Felicia, as the wheels of her *Einspänner* rolled across the resounding boards of a wooden bridge. The young lady leaned forward eagerly, and the cool breeze from the torrent came blowing into her blushing face. She looked down with bright-eyed wonder at the foaming water rushing underneath.

"Look, mem," said Pringle; "what a picture!" And so it was, for the snow-capped mountain-heads uprose at the turning of the winding road; the grey river was eddying on its way, and the charcoal-burners had lit a fire that flamed down among the boulders by the running stream. It was almost evening when they reached their journey's end, coming up through the village street, with its busy little shops lighting up, and the friendly clusters of peasant folk gossiping after their day's work. The great mountains actually overhung the little village; huge rocks were rearing their mighty sides, all lined and seamed with intricate network of delicate

shadow; the pale, white crests clustered beyond the rocks. Felicia was almost overpowered by the pomp and stately splendor of this mighty court, to which she was not yet accustomed. She could hardly tear herself away from the terrace in front of the windows.

"Dinner, ladies, dinner!" cried Mr. Bracy, calling from the dining-room. As they came in he made them take their places, talking as usual while he attended to everybody's requirements. Jasper had just seen their friend Colonel Baxter's name in the book. "He slept here last night, and has gone on to the upper glacier," says Mr. Bracy, sharpening his knife.

Jasper had also seen the colonel's departure, not without satisfaction. He had been cross-questioning Georgina in the *Einspänner* coming up.

"There was something," Georgina owned, confidentially. "They had a long, long conversation. I think she is angry."

"She wants a protector," said Jasper, thoughtfully, twirling the silver ring upon his first finger.

I think the same evil imp which so maliciously prompted Felicia, now involved the unfortunate painter in his toils, and began to whisper to him that, Aurelius being gone, Jasper's own hour had come. It was for him to make Felicia forget the faithless colonel. No one knew for certain what had happened; that Felicia was changed and preoccupied was evident to them all. Jasper ate his dinner as usual, but ostentatiously drank a great deal of wine. He began to turn sentimental; from sentimental art to artistic sentiment the step is but short. The next day was Sunday. The English service was duly held in the dining-room of the hotel; the dining-room tables were rolled out of the way, the plates were put inside the wooden dresser, the chairs were set out in three rows, the blinds were drawn halfway down, and a few straggling travellers who came into the room retired again, some discreetly, some blundering, on finding the usual traffic suspended by the congregation. The bell of the village church had been going for an hour before, and Felicia had looked rather wistfully at the figures passing quietly up the street to the Lutheran service.

When the dining-room assemblage was over she hurried out of the house into the open air, oppressed by the incongruity of the form in which a feeling had been expressed that seemed to her almost incompatible with the associations of the place

and its appurtenances. As she left she heard the clink of glasses, saw the waiters busily engaged in spreading the dinner-tables once more, and then she had escaped and was walking up the village street toward the little churchyard, across which came the strain of a hymn sung by many voices. Felicia went to the door, and looked in at the quiet old building, where a great number of the villagers were assembled each in his place. The brown-coated men were on one side, and the women filled up the other, the old ones in their coils, the young ones with their pretty brown braids tied with velvet. The preacher was ascending his pulpit. It was very quiet and decorous. The very bareness of the church seemed to be more impressive than any tawdry ornament. Felicia waited, but she could scarcely follow the German of the pastor, and so she walked on a little way, turning one thing and another over in her mind. She came at last to a narrow bridge across a stream, and as she stood looking thoughtfully down at the rushing water, she heard a step, and looking round, saw Jasper in his riding-suit. He came solemnly up, and then, to Felicia's dismay, he began a long and desultory speech, in which figured gem-like flames of twin lives, rosy raptures of love-greeting, and double stars encircling their own progression. Miss Marlow might not have understood this as a serious proposal had not the unlucky youth seized her by the hand and attempted to thrust the large silver ring which he always wore on to her finger. Felicia fairly lost her temper, and snatched her hand away. What! she had parted from the only man she had ever cared for, in order to be insulted by this absurd and ridiculous supposition! It seemed like a judgment upon her, a mockery of fate. "The companions you have chosen!" she seemed to hear Aurelius's voice saying. What would he say if he were there now?

"How dare you ask me to marry you," she cried, "when you know you do not care for me one bit? Do you know I might have married some one who has loved me for years, if I had not been ill-advised, if I had not been a fool and thrown away my best chance? And do you suppose I should think of marrying you," cried Felicia, "who do not care for me, and for whom I do not care?" And she turned and began hurrying back, through a shower of rain, toward the hotel. Jasper seemed possessed, and went on protesting in the language of a troubadour rather than of a reasonable being. By

this time they had reached the church again. "Do leave me!" cried Felicia, stopping short. "Don't you see I want you to go?" and as she spoke she stamped her foot in a fit of most unlady-like passion; then as suddenly burst into tears. The good old preacher's voice was droning on peaceably meanwhile inside the church, and Felicia's explanations might have been continued even more fully if the sermon had not suddenly come to an end, and the congregation issued forth, opening its umbrellas, walking off with short sturdy legs, tucking up its ample petticoats and trousers. The men, in their brown suits and clumsy boots, looked like good-natured bears trotting down the wet road; the women, with their pretty shining plaits, kind faces, and quaint lace snoods, were like figures out of some long-forgotten dream. They passed on, the younger ones in their white sleeves and black velvet bodices, the elder women wrapping their cloaks around them. Most of them were going straight from the service to their Sunday gathering at the tavern by the bridge. Disconcerted Jasper marched off with the crowd, leaving Felicia to get home as best she could. She found him, however, waiting for her at the entrance of the hotel.

"I'm afraid I carried off the umbrella," he said, with an uneasy laugh. "I've waited to tell you that — er" (here he looked very red and foolish) "you quite misunderstood me, Miss Marlow. You didn't do me justice — indeed you didn't. This shall make no difference on my part, and I hope you will keep a fellow's confidence sacred."

"I have certainly no wish to repeat what has happened," said Felicia, still unrelenting.

"I shall start early to-morrow," said Jasper, irritated. "After a day alone in the mountains, I shall know how to master my feelings. Perhaps if I meet Colonel Baxter," he added, "you would like me to send him down."

This was said with a mixture of feminine spite and masculine jealousy. He felt he had revenged himself on Miss Marlow. Felicia did not answer; she looked Jasper indignantly in the face, and swept past him haughtily to her own room. Poor Felicia! she began to find her circumstances somewhat trying. Mrs. Bracy was especially snappish that evening; Georgina looked tearful and reproachful. Miss Marlow wondered whether Jasper had kept his own sacred confidence. It was quite a relief when kind little Mr.

Bracy bustled in with a guide and a programme for the following day.

"What do you say to seeing something of the ongvirongs? We might all start off to meet our artist to-morrow on his return. We can lunch at the chalet at the entrance to the upper glacier — excellent cookery, I am told; fine view of the mountains. Suit you — eh, Flora my love?"

Flora answered severely that she certainly should not go; she needed repose. Then she added, with intention, "Probably Felicia would also wish to remain behind?"

Nothing was farther from Felicia's wish. She merely said she would like to see the upper glacier. Three mules were accordingly ordered, with three brown guides to match.

They were somewhat late in their start next morning. At last they got off, the ladies in their improvised skirts, Mr. Bracy trotting faithfully by their side in knickerbockers, and with an ice-axe which he had borrowed, but which he found some difficulty in managing. After passing the church and the village, and crossing the stream, of provoking associations, the way led up a narrow ledge cut along the side of the rock. The path rose abruptly, and the great plain seemed to sink away at their feet. The mules stumbled on steadily; and, after some half hour's arid climb, the path, with a sudden turn, led into a burst of gentle green and shade and sweetness. Mosses overflowed the huge granite stones; streams rippled; the flowers which were over down below still starred white among the rocks; ferns started from the cracks in the huge fallen masses; the path wound and straggled on across meadows into woods of fragrant pine, flowing green and flowering light, until at last the travellers reached a wide green alp, covered with herds of browsing cattle, open to the clouds, and clothed with exquisite verdure and silence.

There is a little erection, built at the summit of the great alp for travellers to rest, and to eat wild strawberries if they will, while they admire the noble prospect. Felicia dismounted here, and went on a little way ahead into a wood of mountain ash and birch and chestnut. It seemed enchanted to her; so were the tree stems, and so was the emerald turf, still sparkling with the heavy morning dew. Every leaf seemed quivering with life. On every side the sweet abundance lay — tender little stems bearing their burden of seed or flower, leaves veined and gilt and bronzed. The eyebright, with its gentle

velvet marks, sparkled among the roots of the trees; money-wort flung its golden flowers; grass of Parnassus lit its silver stars. Everything was delicate and tender in fragrant beauty. A little higher up Felicia could see the crimson berries growing among gray stones, hairy mosses, and pine roots. The leaves were like crimson, the fruit glowing like rubies. A little peasant girl was climbing down the bank with a bunch of late wood strawberries. The child's little finger seemed the only ones that should pluck such fairy-work. Felicia took the bunch of crimson fruit, and gave the little girl, not money, but a little chain of beads she happened to wear on her wrist. The child clapped her hands, and ran away as hard as her sturdy legs could carry her. Then came the mules and the guides climbing up the road, and the cavalcade set forth once more.

CHAPTER .XI.

FROM THE CHÂLET.

HIGH up at the end of a long winding mountain pass stands a little chalet, where cutlets are grilling, guides sit sipping their wine and cracking their jokes in the kitchen. The parlor with its wooden walls, wooden tables and benches, is filled by caravans of travellers; some are on their way to the glacier, others are returning home; everybody is more or less excited, exhausted, hungry, discursive. The wooden hut echoes with voices, with the clatter of steel upon earthenware. Sometimes, as the kitchen door swings upon its hinges, the guides begin a sort of yodeling chorus; sometimes an impatient horse strikes up a snorting and pawing on the platform outside. From the terrace itself you may look across a great icy abyss to the mountains rising silent and supreme. But the chalet is a little commonplace noisy human oasis, hanging among the great natural solemnities all about — mighty rocks striking their shadows age after age, deserted seas that seem to have been frozen as they tossed their unquiet waves in vast curves against the summer sky: a wide valley blinked at by our wondering eyes as we try to name this or that glittering point. Some one fires off an old blunderbuss, and the echo bangs down among the rocky clefts, striking and reverberating; and then, perhaps, the host comes out courteously to announce that our portion of bread and cheese is served, and hungry travellers forget echoes, fatigue, and wonder in the absorbing process

of luncheon. The German party were enjoying potato soup, and shouting over their dish as the ladies entered.

"Here is our table," says Mr. Bracy. "Kalbflesh, hey! I hope you ladies are not tired of veal cutlets." Then, lowering his voice: "Our friend from Berne. I knew him at once — very much altered, poor man; sadly burned by the sun. Has been through a great deal of fatigue since we last saw him."

Felicia looked, and could scarcely recognize their fellow-traveller, so scorched and seamed, so ripped and hacked, was he. His lips were swelled, his eyes were crimson, his wild tumbled hair hung limp about his face, his neat tight-fitting clothes were torn and soiled, burst out at knees and elbows; his enamelled shirt-collar alone remained intact, except that a glittering crack in one place showed the steel. A more forlorn object it would be difficult to imagine. He himself, however, seemed well satisfied with his appearance, and adventures even more colossal than he had hoped for. He had lost his way up among the rocks the evening before, having scrambled up to see the sunset. Then came the darkness. He had been able to descend only by the most desperate heroism.

"He was a madman to put himself into such a situation," said the host, confidentially, to Miss Marlow, as he dusted her plate and wiped a glass which he set before her. "I discovered him by chance. Half an hour later it would have been too late; we could have done nothing. I sent our man off to help him across the glacier. The Herr saw him coming, and called out, 'Have you food?' Peter, our man, said, 'Yes; I have veal you can eat, and gain strength to return.' He came back quite exhausted, and has been drinking all day to refresh himself. Travellers should not go into such places without guides; they get themselves into trouble, and we are blamed. Only this morning two gentlemen set out alone. One had spent the night here — an English colonel; the other arrived from Grindelwald. I said to him, 'Take Peter to show you the way to the upper glacier.' Not he. But it is not safe."

"Which way did they go?" said Felicia, putting down her knife and fork, and looking up into the host's weather-beaten face.

"How can I tell?" said he; "or where they may be now?"

"It couldn't be Jasper," said Mr. Bracy, rather anxiously; "he wouldn't have done

anything rash. Just ask the man what sort of traveller it was, my dear."

"One was black and somewhat silent," said the host—"military, bear-like."

"That couldn't have been Jasper," said Mr. Bracy, relieved.

"And the other?" said Miss Harrow.

"The second" said the man, doubtfully—"he was strangely dressed. He wore a feather, and seemed somewhat out of the common—an actor, perhaps; large ears, like Peter's yonder."

Felicia hoped that Mr. Bracy did not understand, and hastily asked whether they had not written their names in the travellers' book; and sure enough, there upon the long page were the two signatures, Jasper's curling J's and Baxter's close writing. "Jasper is sure to be back," said Mr. Bracy, slightly disquieted still; "he is very careful about keeping people waiting; his aunt has taught him punctuality. He has gone sketching somewhere, or forgotten the time. Of course I don't know anything about the colonel. Very odd of him, wasn't it, to leave us as he did without a word?"

"Very odd," said Felicia, faltering a little. They sat over luncheon as long as they could, and then ordered up coffee to pass the time; and then Felicia left the other two, and went in front, and stood gazing at the great hopeless wall of mountains.

"You don't mind waiting a little for him?" said little Mr. Bracy, fussing up presently. "It is getting rather late, but I'm afraid my wife might be anxious if we went back without the boy. There's a nice bench this way, and an excellent telescope, one of Casella's, if you wish to look through—excellent maker, you know." Felicia eagerly accepted Mr. Bracy's suggestion. Was it some faint hope that Baxter might return, was it anxiety for Jasper, that made her so reluctant to leave the place? Not long after, Mr. Bracy disappeared, again to reappear in excellent spirits. A party had just arrived—two American gentlemen and their guide. They brought news of Jasper. Not very far off they had passed an artist sketching the crevasses under an umbrella.

"It must have been Jasper," says Mr. Bracy. "Poor dear fellow, how hard he works! I must say I wish he would come down. I have a great mind to go a little way to look for him, if you two girls don't mind being left." Felicia assured Mr. Bracy that she had no objection whatever to being left, and, in truth, drew a great breath of relief when she found herself at

last alone. But it was only for a minute; then the host came up and asked her to look through his glass, and Felicia, not liking to refuse, did as he directed, and peeped through the long brass tube. At first everything looked blurred and indistinct; but a little shifting and turning dispelled the clouds by degrees; then clearer and well-defined images grew out of the confused floating visions that bewildered her at first. Then, little by little, she became absorbed in this new wonder-world into which she had come as by a miracle. She forgot the little stage on which she stood; she heeded not the confusion of sounds round about her as she gazed, every moment more and more absorbed, into the spirit of that awful silence and snowy vastness which seemed to spread before her. She seemed carried away on unknown wings into vast regions undreamed of hitherto—snowy cavities, interminable gorges haunted by terrible shrouded figures trailing their stiff grave-clothes, and bending in an awful procession. Then came great fields of glittering virgin snow blazing in the sun; then perhaps a narrow track stitched by human footsteps, curiously discernible. Felicia could follow the line for a while, then she lost it, and again it would reappear, ever ascending, to the foot of a great gully, where all traces seemed lost.

"How absorbed you are!" said Georgina's voice at her ear. "Can you make anything out? May I have a look?" Felicia did not answer. She was trembling convulsively; then suddenly seized the other woman's wrist in a tight clutch. "I see something. Oh, Georgina, for heaven's sake, look, and tell me what you see!" But Georgina, looking, shifted the great glass, and could not adjust it again. Felicia, wildly ringing her hands, began to call for a guide, for any one who knew. "I saw a man hanging to a rock, a tremendous rock," she said. The guides and the host all came up in some excitement, and eye after eye was applied. "You see the track; follow the track lower down, lower down," cried Miss Marlow. "Do you see nothing?" and then, when none could find the place, she pushed the last-comer away, and with trembling hands followed again the tiny thread she had discovered, recalling each jutting peak and form, and there was the great rock shining in the sun, but the man was there no longer. "I saw him, I tell you," she cried. "He is killed; he has fallen. Oh, Georgina, it may have been Colonel Baxter!" and she stamped in an

agony of terror. Georgina, with pale lips, faltered something. The guides tried to reassure the ladies. It may have been fancy; people often were mistaken. "I tell you I saw him slip," cried Felicia; and old Johann, an experienced guide, looked, paused, and looked again. "It is a nasty place," said he, looking puzzled. "It was close by there that we met the Englishman with his paint-box. That is our track the lady has been following, but there is another beside it. I cannot venture to say she is mistaken." Felicia's convictions seemed to have spread to the guides. They examined the track again and again, began talking the matter over. Two of them presently came forward and proposed that they should go off then and there and see if there was anything to be done. "It is like last night's experience over again," said the host. "The sun will be setting in a couple of hours; you must take lanterns if you go, for you won't be back by daylight; and what can you do if so be the man has fallen? What did I say about people's foolhardiness?" he continued, turning to Georgina. "Your papa has taken Peter, our man, with him; that is something reasonable. If this is one of the English travellers I told you off who went off alone, it will show you that I do not speak without thinking."

Poor Mr. Bracy came back with Peter in another hour, to share the general consternation. His first words were to inquire whether Jasper had returned, and then he was told of what had occurred. He kept up with great courage before the girls, declaring all would be well, but his looks belied his words. His face was pale and drawn, the poor little man stood with one helpless eye applied to the telescope long after the darkness had fallen, and it was impossible to distinguish any object at three yards' distance.

Felicia's secret fears were for Baxter, though the others maintained that it must have been Jasper she had seen. As the hours went on, and the painter did not return, it seemed more and more likely that they were right. Baxter was safe enough, if she had but known it. He had not even been alone. He had been all day with the guide whom he had appointed to meet him. It was poor Jasper whose peril had been revealed in that horrible minute.

Baxter was quietly returning with his friend Melchior, the guide, from a long day's walk in the snow, when he happened to see Jasper sitting perched at his easel

on a rock, and sketching the surrounding abyss.

"There is a man I wish to avoid," said the colonel to his guide; and the man laughed, and proposed that they should make a short circuit and come back to the track just below where the painter was at work.

Jasper had not returned to luncheon, on purpose; he wished to cause some slight anxiety. Now that the light was beginning to fail, he began to feel the want of his dinner; but a fancy seized him to climb a huge rock that rose abruptly behind him, and to get one last view of the surrounding country before going down. He had left his easel but a few yards behind him; he climbed a steep crag with great agility; with some exertion he got round a sharp projecting block which led, as he thought, to a small rocky platform, and then suddenly his foot slipped. He had fallen a little way, righted himself with difficulty, and slipped again. Jasper was frightened and completely sobered, perhaps for the first time in his life.

There was no one looking on. There were a few rocks and pine-trees down below; overhead the great crags were fading from moment to moment into more terrible impassivity. He could scarcely imagine how he had ever reached his present perilous position. Was it he himself, Jasper Bracy, who was here alone and clinging desperately for life to the face of this granite boulder? What would they all say at home if they knew of his position? He could not face the thought, for he had a heart, for all his vagaries. He seemed to realize it all so suddenly — his aunt's exclamations, his uncle's wistful face, came before him. "Perhaps of them all, he will be the most cut up," thought Jasper; "and poor Georgina, she will not forget me."

All this did not take long to pass through his mind as he clung desperately to the ledge on which he had slipped; even to an experienced mountaineer it would have been an ugly pass. The rocks were hard as iron, worn smooth by a glacier; there seemed to be no foothold; the evening was fast approaching; there was no chance of any one descrying him from the distant chalet.

Jasper tried to say his prayers, poor boy; but he could not think of anything but the burning pain in his hands and back, the choking breath which seemed so terrible. His head swam, he knew that the

end was come, he could hold on no longer. Perhaps five minutes had passed since he fell, but what a five minutes! blotting out the whole of the many, many days and years of his life. He looked his last at the rock shining relentless; he closed his eyes. I think it was at this moment that Felicia was screaming for assistance. If only she had kept her place a moment longer, she would have seen help at hand.

Something struck his face. A voice, not far off, said, very quietly, "Be careful. Can you get at the rope? We will pull you up. One! two! three!" Hope gave him renewed strength, and with a clutch he raised his left hand and caught the saving rope. For three seconds he was drawn upward, scraping the rock as he went; happily its hard smoothness now was in his favor. Bleeding, fainting, he found himself drawn up to a ledge overhead. His senses failed.

When he came to himself, Baxter was pouring brandy down his throat, and the guide was loosening his clothes. They had seen him in the distance. The guide had suddenly stopped short, and exclaimed,—

"Good heavens! that man must be mad. Where is he going to?" and pointed out Jasper's peril to the colonel.

"We must go back," said the colonel, hastily.

"I think I owe you my life," said Jasper, hoarsely, but quite naturally, looking up with bloodshot eyes at Aurelius.

"Nonsense!" said the colonel, kindly; "it was Melchior here who spied you on your perch."

CHAPTER XII.

DA CAPO.

WHILE the travellers delay, the rocks are lighting up to bronze, to gold, to purple. The Wetterhorn rises, marked and crimson-lined; the Mittelburg rocks are turning to splendid hue, the Vieschorns answer like flaming beacons, and the great Eiger is on fire. But the hills to the east are shadowy mist upon palest ether, and a faint cloud, like a sigh, drifts along their ridge. So night comes on with solemn steps. Now the Wetterhorn is dying, the Vieschorn pales to chilliest white, though its summits are still flashing, rose-color, flame-like, delicate. The people look up on their way; figures in the valley stand gazing at the wondrous peace overhead; they gaze and drink their fill of the evening, and then the lingering benediction is gone with a breath. The rocks are cold

and dead, the ether is changed from incandescence to veiled dimness. Nothing seems left but the sound of the stream, which before was hardly heard, but which now takes up the tale, rushing through the ravine fresh and incessant. A star appears, the washerwoman's window lights up in the valley.

"Will you tea in the balcon?" the waiter asks, coming up with a lamp, which he sets on the little table by Flora's elbow.

"Nong," says the lady; "dedong;" and she looks at her watch and wonders why they are all so late. Then again she reflects with some satisfaction that Mr. Bracy and the two girls are not likely to get into much mischief alone, and *that* colonel is safe out of the way. Mrs. Bracy begins to grow hungry and impatient for her family's return. They are quite absorbed in their own arrangements; they forget everything else. As usual, the spirit suffered from the matter's delay, and the temper also, being frail and troublesome, seemed to trouble our poetess. When Pringle, Felicia's maid, came into the *salle* to ask, a little anxiously, at what hour Mrs. Bracy was expecting them home, Flora snubbed Pringle as that personage was not accustomed to be snubbed, and sent her off in high dudgeon. A minute after, the woman returned, quite changed, with a curious, scared face.

"Oh, mem!" she said, "come out here; there's a boy from the shalley. He says—he says—I can't understand. The cook is talking to him. Oh, mem!"

Flora jumped up, with more activity than she usually showed, and hurried out into the passage, where, surely enough, a crowd stood round a boy dressed in common peasant's clothes, who was emphatically describing something—a fall—a scream. Poor Mrs. Bracy turned very cold, and forgot to analyze her emotions as she pushed her way through the guides and waiters.

"What? what?" she said. "Speak English, can't you? What does he say?"

"Your gentlemen 'ave met with accident," said one of the waiters. "De young lady she see him—call for guide to 'elp; dis young man come down to tell you."

Then the young man said something in an undertone.

Poor Mrs. Bracy, almost beside herself now, asked, with a sort of scream, who was hurt. Was it her husband? was it Jasper?

The boy didn't know, the waiter explained. "He could tell nothing, only that it was a gentleman who had fallen, a long way from the Kulm Hotel. Would ma-

dame please give a *Trinkgeld*? — he had run all the way with the news."

For the next two hours the poor old poetess, brought back to every-day anxiety and natural feeling, suffered a purgatory sufficient to wipe out many and many an hour of selfish ease and hallucination. She ordered guides, brandy, *chaise à porteurs*, for herself and Pringle. No porters were to be had at that hour — not, at least, in sufficient numbers to carry so heavy a lady over the dark and uneven roads. Horses, then. Two tired steeds were at length led up to the door, upon one of which the old lady was hoisted, Pringle devotedly following. So they set forth heroically, with two guides apiece, with brandy, with lanterns, and blankets, which Mrs. Bracy insisted on taking.

I cannot find it in my heart to describe that long, black, jolting, terrifying progress, the bumps and slips, the horrors, the brawling steams, the crumbling mountain-ways along which they climbed.

"Fear nothing," said the guides; but, as they spoke, Pringle's horse came down on its knees, and Pringle gave a wild shriek. So they toiled on, over resounding bridges, up slippery paths, under dark thickets, coming out into a great open alp. Suddenly two huge black forms seemed to rise up and bear slowly down upon them.

The guides only laughed rudely. "*Kühe, kühe*," said they, and then by degrees horns loomed out, and a heavy snuffing breath came through the darkness. The poor women were somewhat reassured. I do not know whether they ever would have reached the top of the long weary pass which mounted in a long rocky ladder before them. Mrs. Bracy's horse had in its turn come down, and been roused with many an oath, as it stood trembling beneath its quivering burden. One lantern had gone out and could not be lighted again. Pringle was crying — when suddenly there was a pause; one of the porters said, "Hist!" The second stopped swearing at the horse to listen.

"What is it?" says Mrs. Bracy.

"People coming this way," said the man.

"I hear 'em talking, mem," says Pringle, hysterically.

Every moment the sound came clearer and nearer. At a turn of the path a light appeared overhead, then another, and another; the tramp of feet, the sound of men talking, and then — could it be? — a laugh coming out of the darkness — a real, hearty laugh.

Poor old Flora threw up her arms as

she recognized her husband's voice, and burst into hearty, unaffected tears of relief, excitement, and fatigue.

All must be well, or Mr. Bracy would not have burst out laughing in the dark, at such an hour, on such a road. A minute more, it was a scene of greeting, exclamations, embraces, a snorting of horses, a waving of lanterns. Mr. Bracy was ahead, trotting along, supported on either side by a porter. He was much overcome, and filled with admiration of his wife's devotion. There was something peculiar in his manner.

"Noble woman!" said he. "What exertion! You should have some champagne, Flora my love," he said; "it will revive you. Quite revived by it myself. Have you brought any with you? Baxter, do you happen to have a bottle left?"

Baxter! Poor Mrs. Bracy turned in horror and bewilderment, and by the lantern's light descried only too plainly Baxter and Felicia coming down the path together triumphantly arm in arm.

Shall I attempt to describe the descriptions, or to explain the explanations? Some seemed to be of so extraordinary a character that poor Mrs. Bracy had to exercise all her self-command even to listen to them. But Jasper's safety had melted the poetic heart, and she was really grateful to the colonel for the rescue. Of course, as Baxter said, any one would have done as much; but not the less there do happily exist certain unreasonable emotions of gratitude in human nature which influence it out of the balance of exact debtor and creditor account.

"Fact was, my dear," said Mr. Bracy, looking around and dropping his voice, "the poor dear girl had been so anxious and worked up on Jasper's account that when they all came suddenly on to the platform, just as we had almost given them up, she and Georgina both shrieked, and Felicia, I believe, subsequently fainted into somebody's arms. The colonel caught her; it was all a confusion; I was myself rather overcome. I was much concerned when Jasper told me afterward the guides had been talking about Felicia's emotion. If you had been there, it would have been most desirable. However, Felicia soon recovered; we gave her champagne; and after our hasty meal that champagne was really excellent under the circumstances. Curious thing, Flora my love — the corks come out at a touch up in those high places. It might interest you to see —"

"Do, Edgar, keep to the important subject in question," said Flora piteously.

She was too severely crushed to be severe.

"You mean about — h'm — h'm" — said Mr. Bracy, getting rather breathless. "Jasper himself first gave me a hint, and then — the fact is, Baxter himself came up in the most gentlemanly manner, and told us both that it was an old affair, that until now he had never had any certainty of his affection being returned."

"And you, Edgar, placed in this most responsible position, what did you say?" asked his wife.

"I said, 'I'll only ask you one question. Which of them is it? They both screamed.'"

Here Mr. Bracy stopped and looked very much confused, if his face could have been seen. But a detachment from the rear now came up to his rescue: Georgina walking — she was too nervous to ride — and Jasper comfortably jogging down upon her mule.

The lovers meanwhile had wandered off, preceded by their lantern, down some short by-road; they seemed to have wings, some power, that made them forget fatigue, darkness, length of way — that bore them safe over stones and briers from step to step along the steep and slippery road. Little Felicia felt no weariness, no loneliness: she had reached home at last.

They came to the little wooden bridge some ten minutes before the rest of the party, and then they stopped for a moment, while Melchior walked on to announce the safe return of the whole party. It was a wonderful minute, silent and shadowy and fragrant, with stars streaming in the dark sky overhead. The water was rushing; as it flowed, it seemed to flash with the dazzling lights of heaven, and to carry the stars upon its stream. They were alone; they were no longer alone, and a blessing of silent and unspeakable gratitude was in their hearts.

And so, after all this long doubt, Aurelius and Felicia had come to the best certainty that exists in this perplexing world — the sacred conviction of love: love, that belongs to all estates and conditions of men, not only to the married, not only to the unmarried, but to all those who with grateful hearts love each other.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

THE CASE OF LORD DUNDONALD.

ON the 21st of February, 1814, about one in the morning, a man was knocking

and shouting for admission at the door of the Ship Inn at Dover. There was war abroad; the times were critical and troublous; the night was dark and boisterous. No one had watched that man's approach; none could say from whence he came. Those were not days when the arrival of passengers from the Continent could be timed with nicety. The British mariner had not then the engineer for an ally; he was dependent upon wind and tide. Moreover, he was beset with enemies. We were at war with France; we were at war with the United States of America. The allied armies were pressing Napoleon, whose star had lately fallen at Leipsic, back upon Paris. Three months later the conqueror of Moscow was an exile at Elba.

But on that winter morning, when the people of the Ship Inn were startled in their sleep, men's minds were by no means at ease about Napoleon Bonaparte. The French Senate had voted a new conscription, and, with genius which was unimpaired and renown that covered half the world, he was laboring to drive the united forces of the king of Prussia and the emperor Alexander from the soil of France. The new arrival at the Ship Inn was excited and importunate. He had an appearance somewhat foreign, but he was dressed in the scarlet uniform of a British officer. He was brimming with good news. He had just arrived from the French coast; nobody cared to ask how or by whose assistance. He was Colonel du Bourg, so he said, aide-de-camp to Lord Cathcart. He had the military air, and in the time of George III. hotel people were not likely to cross-examine a colonel. But he did not conceal that he was bearer of intelligence from Paris that the tyrant Bonaparte had fallen in battle; that the allied armies were approaching the French capital; and that, if peace was not actually concluded, the preliminaries were all arranged, and the war as good as over. Colonel du Bourg ordered a post-chaise and four to be got ready (that was the "special express train" of those days), and while the horses were being harnessed for the gallop towards London, he performed the official duty of communicating the news to the port admiral at Deal. About noon there was great commotion in the City. Over London Bridge had rattled a "chaise," in which three persons were exhibiting, by the waving of hats and flags, signs of wild delight. They had gathered the news from Du Bourg at the town of Dartford, and had hastened to be

the harbingers of peace in the monetary centre of the British empire. Up went the funds, one and a half per cent. at a bound, and three per cent. before the closing hour. There were numerous sales and purchases, and it was difficult to determine which was happier — the seller who, believing the end of war had come, rejoiced in his profits, or the buyer who confidently awaited a further rise in the market value of his property.

But the day passed and there came no confirmation of the news. Nothing was heard in official quarters of Colonel du Bourg. Whitehall had not shared the flutter of the City; Colonel du Bourg had not been seen there. He whom the people of the Ship Inn supposed to be at this time the lion of the Horse Guards had in fact no existence; there was no Colonel du Bourg. It was too clear that the City had been hoaxed; that Colonel du Bourg had fought for a victory on the Stock Exchange, had gained the day, and, with his booty, had disappeared. Those who had been duped were furious, and the committee of the Stock Exchange engaged with ardor in pursuit of the missing Du Bourg. We will leave the Bow Street runners active in their service while we survey the career of Lord Cochrane to the point at which it became involved in this guilty enterprise. We shall have to show how colorable circumstances were unfavorably tinged by political prejudice; how tardily the national sense of right repaired the wrong done to this great naval hero; and finally, how it has been left to a select committee of the House of Commons in the present year to recommend the performance of the last act of justice due to the memory and to the successors of this distinguished man.

Every Englishman ought to have read Marryat's novels in his boyhood, and every one who has achieved that duty will understand what the navy was when the late Lord Dundonald was in the service. He remembers the nepotism and corruption which existed with regard to appointments; he will not be surprised to learn that Lord Cochrane was serving sea-time as a cook's mate, while he was actually an officer in the army; and that when he first stepped on board a vessel as midshipman of the "*Hind*," commanded by his uncle, he had already — according to that great work of fiction, the book of the paymaster of the navy — been many years at sea. From that day, however, to the end of his active service in Greece, he showed himself a brave, skilful, daring seaman. In

action he possessed extraordinary presence of mind and ingenuity of resource. He animated with his own habitual heroism those whom he led, by whom he was always followed with enthusiastic devotion. At Palermo, he met with Lord Nelson, and through life adopted as his own the injunction he received from the victor of Trafalgar: "Never mind manœuvres; always go at 'em." In the Basque Roads, his display of courage was most signal. On the 11th of April, 1809, with a volunteer crew of four men, Lord Cochrane set off from the British fleet in an explosive ship loaded with barrels of powder, which were covered with hand grenades and cannon shot, the outer surface of the huge pile of tubs being bound round with strong hempen ropes to direct the explosion upwards. The object was to destroy a boom, to alarm and set fire to the French fleet. When, with his terrible freight, Lord Cochrane touched the boom, he alone remained on board to light the fuses. The explosion was successful, and the day after, in sight of his timid and wavering commander, who was for the most part passive, Lord Cochrane, in the "*Impérieuse*," attacked three French ships of the line, and on the arrival of long-delayed reinforcements compelled their surrender. His ingenuity was often his safeguard. He would have been captured by a Spanish force in the "*Speedy*" had he not painted her in Danish fashion; and when the sceptical hidalgos approached to board his vessel, most commanders would have given themselves up for lost. But Lord Cochrane's fertile mind remembered the Spanish dread of infection. He ran up the quarantine flag and put forward a Danish sailor in uniform to affirm that the ship was only two days out from Algiers, where the plague was raging. Again he saved himself in a night chase by the tub trick, escaping in the darkness while his pursuers followed a tub illumined by a tallow candle. Another time he succeeded in imposing on the enemy a belief in his superior force by furling his sails with rope yarns, which, being cut simultaneously, suggested that he had so large a crew on board that he could set sail with all the speed of a well-found man-of-war. He taught the venal voters of Honiton a lesson. Beaten in his first contest, he gave those who had voted for him ten guineas each, and was returned without expenditure at the next election. The electors argued insecurely that a man who was generous after defeat would be lavish after victory. The lines

of right and wrong in electoral matters do not seem to have been very clearly marked in those days. It was Lord Cochrane's Parliamentary career which excited against him the prejudices from which he suffered. In May 1807 he was returned, together with the father of Lady Burdett Coutts, for Westminster. In 1810 Sir Francis Burdett was committed to the Tower for an alleged breach of privilege, and in the same year Lord Cochrane attacked with vigor the abuses of the admiralty. He found on looking at the pension list that "the Wellesleys receive from the public £34,729, a sum equal to four hundred and twenty-six pairs of lieutenants' legs, calculated at the rate of allowance of Lieutenant Chambers' legs;" and, to quote his own words, "the name of my worthy and respected grandmother, the widow of the late Captain Gilchrist, of the navy, continuing on the list as receiving £100 per annum, though she ceased to exist eight years ago." Referring to the petty savings paraded by his virulent enemy, Mr. Croker, Lord Cochrane said: "I could point out some savings better worth attention. By adopting canvas of better quality a saving may be made equal to a fourth of the navy. The enemy distinguish our ships of war from foreign ships by the color of the wretched canvas, and run away the moment they perceive our black sails rising above the horizon, a circumstance to which they owe their safety even more than to its open texture. I have observed the meridian altitude of the sun through the foretop-sail, and by bringing it to the horizon through the fore-sail, have ascertained the latitude as correctly as I could have done otherwise." He was imprisoned at Malta for just complaints against the corruption of the Admiralty Court in that island; but the seamen of the fleet threatened to pull the prison down, and Lord Cochrane was furnished with files and a rope-ladder, by which he made a highly successful escape. He wished to regulate and, if possible, to disuse the power of flogging in the navy, and declared in the House of Commons that the cruel excesses of punishment arose from the incapacity of officers appointed to command through shameless interest. He said: "The family interest I have alluded to prevails to such an extent that even the lords of the admiralty have lists made out, and when an officer goes to offer his services, or to solicit promotion for services rendered, he is asked, 'Are you recommended by my Lady This, or Miss That, or Madame T'other?' and if

he is not, he might as well have stayed at home." Of Greenwich Hospital, he said that, "in place of old retired seamen, not a few of the wards were occupied, and pensions enjoyed, by men who had never been in the navy at all, but were thus provided for, to the exclusion of worn-out sailors, by the influence of patrons upon whose political interest they had a claim."

In the eyes of ministers of that day language of this sort seemed absolutely seditious. They were blind to the fact that such language was the most valuable that could be used in the interests of the country. What energy they possessed was employed against the opponents of the vicious system upon which they had been raised to the head of affairs. Lord Cochrane was debarred from valuable service afloat, and, in the leisure he possessed on shore, devoted himself to invention. He matured a plan for the destruction of fleets and forts, which to this day has remained unpublished. The prince regent appointed a committee to examine it, which reported favorably, but added that, if divulged, it might imperil our colonies. He invented a lamp for streets and another for ships. At length, by favor of his uncle, Lord Cochrane obtained a command. Admiral Cochrane, his father's brother, was appointed to the North American station in 1814, and chose his nephew for flag captain. According to precedent he could do this without reference to the admiralty. Lord Cochrane was preparing to sail with the admiral, when the fraud of Du Bourg was noised throughout the country.

Lord Cochrane had another uncle, a merchant, who had taken the name of Johnstone. This man, Mr. Cochrane Johnstone, was in fact the cause of Lord Cochrane's being charged with partnership in the crime of Du Bourg. Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chief Justices," describes this merchant as "a very unprincipled man, who, in concert with De Berenger, a foreigner, wickedly devised a scheme by which they were to make an immense fortune by a speculation on the Stock Exchange." It is certain that Mr. Cochrane Johnstone was a speculator; that he fled from offended justice on the news of Du Bourg's arrest; and that Lord Cochrane, who was often in his house, himself dabbled in time bargains, encouraged to do so probably by the example of his uncle. At Mr. Cochrane Johnstone's he had become acquainted with the foreigner De Berenger, who had been recommended to him by Mr. John-

stone
the fl
but al
nist, v
secret
discov
fleet
reng
same
while
to ma
that a
foreign
nephe
And
(assu
know
was a
man
reput
his d
who
Cum
Lord
in de
legal
King
Th
Coch
plices
day
door
Coch
Gros
day,
Snow
ther
whic
the
vant
said
who
he c
out
ten
the
to c
Hea
wor
Lor
him
lige
Coc
ceiv
ger
"ag
ger
for
Am
refu
fore
gav

stone as a useful man to accompany him in the fleet, ostensibly as a rifle-instructor, but also and chiefly as a skilful pyrotechnist, who could carry out Lord Cochrane's secretly cherished intention of using his discovery for attacking the shores and fleets of the American enemy. De Berenger and Du Bourg were names of the same person, and it appears likely that while Mr. Cochrane Johnstone was willing to make use of Du Bourg, he was anxious that after the fraud was accomplished the foreigner should be carried off by his nephew to the North American station. And it is probable that Lord Cochrane (assuming his ignorance of the fraud), knowing Du Bourg only as De Berenger, was anxious to have the co-operation of a man who, if his skill proved equal to his repute, was likely to ensure the success of his destructive invention. De Berenger, who had been adjutant in the Duke of Cumberland's rifle corps, commanded by Lord Yarmouth, was hopelessly involved in debt, and was, in fact, living in a sort of legal protection within "the rules of the King's Bench."

These were the circumstances of Lord Cochrane and two other alleged accomplices, on the 21st of February, 1814, the day on which Du Bourg knocked at the door of the Ship Inn at Dover. Lord Cochrane left his house in Green Street, Grosvenor Square, on the morning of that day, and drove to a lamp-manufactory near Snow Hill. He was at that time engaged there daily with reference to his lantern, which he hoped would be adopted for the fleet. While thus employed, his servant brought him a letter. The servant said he had never before seen the person who wrote it, and Lord Cochrane declared he could not fathom the contents nor make out the signature, which he said was written very indistinctly. The letter was "to the effect that the writer had something to communicate of an affecting nature." Hearing from his servant that the visitor wore a sword, a military coat, and cap. Lord Cochrane stated that he supposed him to be an officer from Spain, with intelligence of the death of his brother, Major Cochrane, whom he knew from a note received only three days before to be dangerously ill. He hastened home, and was "agreeably surprised" to find De Berenger. His uncle, the admiral, had applied for permission to take De Berenger to America, but the application had been refused on the ground that the man was a foreigner. On the trial, Lord Cochrane gave an account of his interview with De

Berenger. He said that De Berenger wore a green uniform and a grey overcoat; that he explained as the cause of his visit his anxiety to get on board Lord Cochrane's ship, the "Tonnant," without the sanction of the admiralty. In fact, he wished Lord Cochrane to assist him to get out of the country without obtaining the requisite permission. Lord Cochrane refused to do this. De Berenger urged as claims to Lord Cochrane's favorable consideration the certificates of good conduct which he had received from Lord Yarmouth and others with reference to his service in the rifle corps. It was proved that De Berenger left Lord Cochrane's house in a coat and hat belonging to his lordship. For this, Lord Cochrane accounted by stating that, when reminded of these certificates, he advised De Berenger to ask those who had written them to exert their influence at the admiralty, adding that he (Lord Cochrane) possessed no influence in that quarter. In reply, he said, De Berenger intimated that he could not go to Lord Yarmouth in the dress he was then wearing, which was not precisely the uniform of the rifle corps, nor could he return to the "rules," where it would excite attention, and suspicion that he intended to escape. He requested the loan of a hat. Lord Cochrane gave him a hat, and then, seeing that the collar of the objectionable uniform appeared above the overcoat, offered him an old black cloth coat which lay on a chair. He accepted it, and, having wrapped his green coat in a towel, went away, taking with him a small portmanteau which he had brought, and in which, said Lord Cochrane, "I have no doubt he had concealed the scarlet coat in which he had made his fraudulent appearance at Dover that morning."

To these circumstances we have only to add the fact that on the 21st there was a sale of stock on account of Lord Cochrane, and it was not denied that it was a sale to his advantage, or that the profit was gained by the fraud of Du Bourg. Lord Cochrane's answer was this: That in the four preceding months — during which it was, indeed, evident that peace was approaching through the downfall of Napoleon and the exhaustion of France — he had, by instructions to a broker, made many purchases and sales of stock, for time, in the funds, and usually at a profit. During that period he had made upwards of £4,000 by what was admitted to be fair speculation. He proved that the amount of stock he held at the time of the fraud, instead of being larger than on former

occasions, was considerably smaller than it had frequently been before, which, he said, "would surely not have been the case had I risked the commission of a fraud with a view to excessive gain; and the sale of the stock on that day took place under the general order which I had, from the commencement of those speculations, given to the broker to sell out without waiting for further directions, whenever a profit of one per cent. could be made. It could not, therefore, be otherwise than that my stock should be sold on that day, when the prices enabled the broker to act on the standing order I had long before given. Had I anticipated any extraordinary rise on that particular day, and had stooped to a fraud to effect that rise, I should either have had a larger amount for sale, or have aimed at more than one per cent. profit; and much more was obtained by many speculators who were never charged with a knowledge of the fraud. It was proved that I did not myself attend the Stock Exchange on that day, and that the whole of my stock was sold in the morning at a gain, on an average, of one and a quarter per cent., which was less than half the profit it might have made had it been held a few hours longer."

The fair presumption from these circumstances is that Lord Cochrane was not guilty; but this presumption becomes certainty when the other circumstances are taken into consideration. Directly De Berenger dismissed his Dover post-chaise at the Marsh Gates, Lambeth, he proceeded in a hackney coach to Lord Cochrane's. That would not have been the plan of Lord Cochrane had he been guilty. He came, Lord Cochrane said, to urge that he should be at once sent off to join the fleet. If Lord Cochrane had been a partner in the fraud, it would certainly not have happened that De Berenger would come in broad daylight to his house, and would leave it with a request refused merely because he had not formal authority. Nothing could be easier than to trace Du Bourg to Lord Cochrane's house. The hackney coachman was found; he expected some part of the advertised reward. He was a bad man; had been convicted of atrocious cruelty to his horses, and was afterwards sentenced to transportation for robbery. He swore that De Berenger entered Lord Cochrane's house in the brown overcoat and scarlet uniform in which he had appeared as Du Bourg at Dover; but this was at the trial, and after Lord Cochrane's affidavit had been published, in which he (Lord Coch-

rane) declared that De Berenger came to him in a green coat. Nothing is more probable than that the hackney coachman threw in the "scarlet" and "brown" to make sure of the reward, having, perhaps, no real recollection of the garments which De Berenger wore when he was set down in Green Street. It is certain that after the trial this driver appeared in possession "of a new coach and new harness, and horses of the best description."

Early in March, on board his ship in Long Reach, his leave having expired on the 28th February, Lord Cochrane learnt that Du Bourg had been traced to his house. Immediately he applied for leave, returned to town, prepared and published an affidavit detailing, without the least reserve or concealment, all the circumstances to which we have referred. Du Bourg was at once identified with De Berenger, and on the 8th April he was apprehended. By giving up the name of De Berenger, and thus affording a sure clue by which he could be found, Lord Cochrane gave further positive evidence of his innocence. De Berenger was at the time quarrelling with Mr. Cochrane Johnstone about his reward, which he thought insufficient. No knowledge of his whereabouts, no complicity with any design to get him out of the country, was traced to Lord Cochrane; nor was any such thing even suggested. Lord Cochrane had done nothing for De Berenger except that he had given him an old coat and a hat; he had certainly (there could be no doubt of the fact) refused to take him clandestinely on board his ship, the "Tonnant." It was in these circumstances that Lord Cochrane, if guilty, gave up the name of De Berenger; and a more improbable thing for a guilty man to do under such circumstances cannot be conceived. It was represented by his enemies that he supposed De Berenger to have escaped from England; but the man had made no attempt to leave the kingdom, and it is impossible that if Lord Cochrane had been his accomplice he should not have known something of De Berenger's movements. It was urged that Lord Cochrane had committed perjury in swearing that De Berenger arrived at his house in a green coat. He, however, ultimately succeeded in proving that De Berenger had with him at Dover a green coat as well as a scarlet coat, and the inference was plain that in the post-chaise or in the hackney-coach he had exchanged the scarlet for the green. It was proved that De Berenger arrived from London at the Royal Oak Inn at Dover,

on the morning of the 20th February, dressed in a green coat; and although, when he quitted the Royal Oak at about 11 P.M. (two hours before his appearance at the Ship Inn as Colonel du Bourg), there remained a large portmanteau, the green coat was not left behind. The small portmanteau he carried in his hand had probably been concealed in the larger one, and was, at all events, of sufficient size to contain the grey overcoat and green coat in which he appeared at Lord Cochrane's. The publication by Lord Cochrane of his affidavit in all the newspapers of March 12th was an act incompatible with the presumption of guilt. Its frank, simple, truthful story, withholding nothing, giving De Berenger's name, who was then at liberty, and likely, if caught, to be revengeful; the statement as to the gift of a hat and coat—the whole story told, indeed, with no certainty that Du Bourg and De Berenger were the same person, was to most minds conclusive. Lord Cochrane had, in fact, no reason whatever to assume they were identical, except the allegation that Du Bourg had been traced to his house, and this he believed to be mistaken.

But all these things availed him nothing. There was no separation made between his case and that of his uncle, who confessed his complicity by flight. Lord Cochrane was found guilty.

On obtaining the evidence about the green coat at Dover he applied for a new trial, which Lord Ellenborough, to his lasting disgrace, refused on the ground that "the other defendants convicted with him did not attend." He was sentenced by Lord Ellenborough to a fine of £1,000, to imprisonment for twelve months, and to stand in the pillory for the space of one hour. The electors of Westminster, in a general meeting, declared their "full and entire conviction of the perfect innocence of our representative, Lord Cochrane," and the government feared to place him in the pillory. But a motion was made for his expulsion from the House of Commons, and Lord Cochrane was taken from prison to defend himself in his place in Parliament. The motion was carried by one hundred and forty to forty-four, the minority including Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Whitbread, Lord Tavistock, and Lord William Russell. His name was struck from the navy list and from the roll of Knights of the Bath, and his banner of that order was taken down from its place in Henry VII.'s Chapel and officially and literally kicked out of Westminster Abbey.

He was immediately re-elected for Westminster, and, believing that as a member of Parliament he ought not to submit to imprisonment, Lord Cochrane made a daring escape. After passing a few days at his house in Hampshire, he wrote to the speaker to the effect that he was coming to London and would attend in the House of Commons. In the body of the House, he awaited the arrival of the writ of election. But while he waited, and before he had taken the oaths, a posse of constables arrived and by main force carried him out of the building. The ministry, eager to get rid of the Radical reformer, accepted an apology from the marshal of the prison, and explained away the breach of privilege. When the twelve months had expired Lord Cochrane refused to pay the fine. He was detained; but at the end of a fortnight, his health suffering from confinement, urged by his friends, he gave the prison marshal a Bank of England note for £1,000, bearing the following endorsement: "My health having suffered by long and close confinement, and my oppressors being resolved to deprive me of property or life, I submit to robbery to protect myself from murder, in the hope that I shall live to bring the delinquents to justice." That £1,000 note may still be seen in the Bank of England.

Slowly but surely has that justice been accomplished. In the first place, the people, by a "penny" subscription, paid the fine and part, if not the whole, of the legal expenses of Lord Cochrane's trial. Two million six hundred and forty thousand persons gave this practical proof of their belief in Lord Cochrane's innocence and of their sympathy for his misfortunes. He still struggled for reform in Parliament. From 1818 to 1828, he engaged with brilliant distinction in foreign service in South America and in Greece. In 1831 he inherited the title of Earl of Dundonald, and in the following year his efforts to obtain reinstatement in the navy were successful. He was given a "free pardon" and the naval rank which he would have attained, that of rear-admiral. This was the result of a strong public opinion concerning his innocence. Three lord chancellors have made comment upon his case, all of them men who were living witnesses of his trial. Lord Erskine wrote in 1823 of the "disgraceful oppression and injustice" he had suffered. Lord Brougham lamented "the opinion which Lord Ellenborough appears to have formed in this case." In his "Sketches of British Statesmen" Lord Brougham deplored "that most cruel and

unjustifiable sentence which at once secured Lord Cochrane's re-election for Westminster when the House of Commons expelled him upon his conviction; and referring to his reinstatement in the navy, affirmed "that his honors of knighthood, so gloriously won, should still be withholden, is a stain, not upon him, but upon the councils of his country, and after his restoration to the service it is as inconsistent and incomprehensible as it is cruel and unjust." Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chief Justices," gives his opinion that the case of Lord Cochrane caused "uneasy reflections" in the mind of Lord Ellenborough, and "was supposed to have hastened his end." He imputes to that judge that "the Radical line" in Lord Cochrane's politics "induced Lord Ellenborough to believe that he seriously meant to abet rebellion, and that he was a dangerous character." Lord Campbell charges Lord Ellenborough with having "laid special emphasis on every circumstance which might raise a suspicion against Lord Cochrane," and with having "elaborately explained away whatever at first sight might seem favorable to the gallant officer, and he declares that "in consequence the jury found a verdict of guilty." The present lord chief baron is, we believe, the only living judge who witnessed the trial, and he has regretted that "we cannot blot out this dark page from our legal and judicial history."

When he was restored to the navy Lord Dundonald declared the reparation incomplete. He had lost his place in the Order of the Bath, and he claimed, as a matter touching his honor and as a measure of justice, the half-pay to which he would have been entitled had he not been expelled from the navy for eighteen years. In 1847 the queen made good the first claim in the most gracious manner. Lord Cochrane had been a knight companion of the Bath; her Majesty gave Lord Dundonald the highest decoration in the order. He received the grand cross of the Bath, he was appointed commander-in-chief on that North American station to which he was to have gone as flag-captain in 1814, and when he died, his banner, that had been kicked with contumely from Westminster Abbey, was replaced with ceremonious honour.

To his grandson, the present Lord Cochrane, he bequeathed his pecuniary claim, and with that bequest the duty of vindicating his memory from the last reproach by obtaining it. With an evident sense of honorable obligation, with tact and judgment beyond his years, Lord Cochrane set

himself to fulfil his grandfather's legacy. Coldly received by the ministry, his request for an investigation of the case by a select committee was unanimously accorded by the House of Commons. The committee has now reported favorably to the claim, and thus, so far as words are concerned, the jury appointed by the final tribunal has admitted to the fullest extent that demand of Lord Dundonald, including the pecuniary claim, which was denied in his lifetime to a man who suffered much from the public officers of a nation in whose service he never spared himself.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

This story ("GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY"), being written partly in collaboration with an American author, is copyrighted both in this country and in England, and is printed in THE LIVING AGE from Harper's Bazar, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

In conjunction with an American writer.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

CHAPTER LI.

OUR LAST NIGHT TOGETHER.

ON that Monday morning when we left Denver to seek Bell's distant home in these pale blue mountains, there was no great rejoicing among us. It was the last day of our long journeying together, and we had been pleasantly associated; moreover, one of us was going to leave her dearest friend in these remote wilds, and she was rather downhearted about it. Happily the secret exultation of Lady Sylvia, which could not altogether be concealed, kept up our spirits somewhat: we wondered whether she was not going to carry her husband's portmanteau for him, so anxious was she about his comfort.

The branch line of rail that pierces for some distance the Clear Creek cañon takes a circuitous course on leaving Denver through some grassy plains which are intersected by narrow and muddy rivulets, and are sufficiently uninteresting; so that there was plenty of opportunity for these sojourners to sketch out something of their plans of living for the information of the new-comer. But Balfour—who, by the way, had got thoroughly bronzed by

his travelling — would not hear of all the fine pleasure excursions that the lieutenant was for planning out.

"We are under enough obligation to you," said he, "even if I find I can do this thing; but if I discover that I am of no use at all, then your charity would be too great. Let us get to work first; then, if the way is clear, we can have our play afterward. Indeed, you will be able to command my attendance, once I have qualified myself to be your servant."

"Yes, that is reasonable," said the lieutenant.

"I am quite sure," said Lady Sylvia, "that my husband would be a poor companion for you, so long as our affairs are unsettled —"

"And, besides," said Balfour, with a laugh, "you don't know what splendid alternative schemes I have to fall back on. On the voyage over, I used to lie awake at night and try to imagine all the ways in which a man may earn a living who is suddenly made penniless. And I got up some good schemes, I think: good for a man who could get some backing, I mean."

"Will you please to tell us some of them?" said Queen T., with no apparent sarcasm. "We are so often appealed to for charity; and it would be delightful to be able to tell poor people how to make a fortune."

"The poor people would have to have some influence. But would you like to hear my schemes? They are numberless; and they are all based on the supposition that in London there are a very large number of people who would pay high prices for the simplest necessities of life, provided you could supply these of the soundest quality. Do you see? I take the case of milk, for example. Think of the number of mothers in London who would pay a double price for milk for their children, if you could guarantee them that it was quite unwatered, and got from cows living wholesomely in the country instead of in London stalls! That is only one of a dozen things. Take bread, for example. I believe there are thousands of people in London who would pay extra for French bread, if they only know how to get it supplied to them. Very well: I step in with my association — for the wants of a great place like London can only be supplied by big machinery — and I get a duke or two, and a handful of M. P.'s with me, to give it a philanthropic look; and, of course, they make me manager. I do a good public work, and I benefit myself."

"Do you think you would succeed as the manager of a dairy?" said Queen T., gently.

"As well, probably," said he, laughing, "as the manager of Mrs. Von Rosen's mines and farms! But having got up the company, you would not ask me to look after the cows."

"Oh, Hugh," said Lady Sylvia, anxiously, "I hope you will never have anything to do with any company. It is that which has got poor papa into such trouble. I wish he could leave all these things for a time, and come out here for a holiday; it would do him a great deal of good."

This filial wish did not seem to awaken any eager response, though Mrs. Von Rosen murmured something about the pleasure it would give her to see Lord Willowby. We had not much hope of his lordship consenting to live at a ranch.

And now we drew near the Rockies. First of all, rising from the plains, we encountered some ridges of brown, seared, earthy-looking hills, for the most part bare, though here and there the crest was crowned by a ridge of pine. At the mouth of one of the valleys we came upon Golden City, a scattered hamlet of small houses, with some trees, and some thin lines of a running stream about it. Then, getting farther into the mountains, we entered the narrow and deep gorge of the Clear Creek cañon, a naturally formed highway that runs and winds sinuously for about thirty miles between the huge walls of rock on either side. It was not a beautiful valley, this deep cleft among the mountains, but a gloomy and desolate place, with lightning-blasted pines among the grays and reds of the fused fire-rocks; an opaque gray-green river rushing down the chasm; the trees overhead, apparently at the summit of the twin precipices, black against the glimmer of the blue sky. Here and there, however, were vivid gleams of color: a blaze of the yellow leaves of the cottonwood, or a mass of crimson creeper growing over a gray rock. We began to wonder, too, whether this small river could really have cut this deep and narrow chasm in the giant mountains; but there, sure enough, far above us on the steep slopes, were the deep holes in the intertwisted quartz out of which the water in bygone ages must have slowly worked the boulders of some alien material. There were other holes, too, visible on the sides of this gloomy gorge, with some brown earth in front of them, as if some animal had been trying to scrape for itself a den there:

these were the "prospect holes" that miners had bored to spy into the secrets of the everlasting hills. Down below us, again, was the muddy stream, rushing between its beds of gravel; and certainly this railway carriage, on its narrow gauge, seemed to tilt dangerously over toward the sheer descent and the plunging waters. The train, indeed, as it wound round the rocks, seemed to be some huge python, hunted into its gloomy lair in the mountains.

We were glad to get out of it, and into the clear sunshine, at the terminus — Floyd Hill; and here we found a couple of stage-coaches, each with four horses, awaiting to carry us still farther up into the Rockies. They were strange-looking vehicles, apparently mostly built of leather, and balanced on leather springs of enormous thickness. But they soon disappeared from sight. We were lost in such clouds of dust as were never yet beheld by mortal man. Those who had gone inside to escape found that the half-dozen windows would not keep shut; and that, as they were flung hither and thither by the plunging of the coach up the steep mountain paths, they lost sight of each other in the dense yellow clouds. And then sometimes a gust of wind would cleave an opening in the clouds; and, behold! a flashing picture of pine-clad mountains, with a dark blue sky above. That jolting journey seemed to last forever and ever, and the end of it found us changed into new creatures. But the coat of dust that covered us from head to heel had not sufficed to blind us; and now before our eyes we found the end and aim of our journey — the far hamlet of Idaho.

Bell looked round bewildered; she had dreaded this approach to her future home. And Queen T., anxious above all things that her friends' first impressions should be favorable, cried out, —

"Oh, Bell, how beautiful, and clean, and bright it is!"

And certainly our first glance at Idaho, after the heat and dust we had come through, was cheering enough. We thought for an instant of Chamounix as we saw the small white houses by the side of the green, rushing stream, and the great mountains rising sheer beyond. There was a cool and pleasant wind rustling through the leaves of the young cottonwood-trees planted in front of the inn. And when we turned to the mountains on the other side of the narrow valley, we found even the lofty pine woods glowing with color; for

the midday sun was pouring down on the undergrowth — now of a golden yellow — so that one could almost believe that these far slopes were covered with buttercups. The coaches had stopped at the inn — the Beebe House, as it is called — and Colonel Sloane's heiress was received with much distinction. They showed her Colonel Sloane's house. It stood on a knoll some distance off; but we could see that it was a cheerful-looking place, with a green-painted veranda round the white walls, and a few pines and cottonwoods about. In the mean time we had taken rooms at the inn, and speedily set to work to get some of the dust removed. It was a useful occupation; for no doubt the worry of it tended to allay that nervous excitement among our women-folk, from which Bell, more especially, was obviously suffering. When we all assembled thereafter at our midday meal, she was still somewhat pale. The lieutenant declared that, after so much travelling, she must now take a long rest. He would not allow her to go on to Georgetown for a week at least.

And was there ever in all the world a place more conducive to rest than this distant, silent, sleepy Idaho up here in the lonely mountains? When the coaches had whirled away in the dust toward Georgetown, there was nothing to break the absolute calm but the soft rustling of the small trees; there was not a shred of cloud in the blue sky to bar the glare of the white road with a bit of grateful shadow. After having had a look at Bell's house, we crossed to the other side of the valley, and entered a sort of tributary gorge between the hills which is known as the Soda Creek cañon. Here all vestiges of civilization seemed to end, but for the road that led we knew not whither; and in the strange silence we wandered onward into this new world whose plants and insects and animals were all unfamiliar to us, or familiar only as they suggested some similarity to their English relatives. And yet Queen T. strove to assure Bell that there was nothing wonderful about the place except its extreme silence and a certain sad desolation of beauty. Was not this our identical Michaelmas daisy? she asked. She was overjoyed when she discovered a real and veritable harebell — a trifle darker in color than our harebell, but a harebell all the same. She made a dart at a cluster of yellow flowers growing up among the rocks, thinking they were the mountain saxifrage; but they turned out

to be a composite plant — probably some sort of hawk-weed. Her efforts to reach these flowers had startled a large bird out of the bushes above; and as it darted off, we could see that it was of a dark and luminous blue: she had to confess that he was a stranger. But surely we could not have the heart to regard the merry little chipmunk as a stranger — which of all living creatures is the friendliest, the blitheliest, the most comical. In this Soda Creek cañon he reigns supreme; every rock and stone and bush seems instinct with life as this Proteus of the animal world scuds away like a mouse, or shoots up the hillside like a lizard, only, when he has got a short distance, to perch himself up on his hind legs, and curl up his bushy tail, and eye us demurely as he affects to play with a bit of Mayweed. Then we see what the small squirrel-like animal really is — a beautiful little creature with longitudinal bars of golden brown and black along his back; the same bars on his head, by the side of his bright, watchful eyes; the red of a robin's breast on his shoulders; his furry tail, jauntily cocked up behind, of a pale brown. We were never tired of watching the tricks and attitudes of this friendly little chap. We knew quite well that his sudden dart from the lee of some stone was only the pretence of fright; before he had gone a yard he would sit up on his haunches and look at you, and stroke his nose with one of his fore paws. Sometimes he would not even run away a yard, but sit quietly and watchfully to see us pass. We guessed that there were few stone-throwing boys about the Rocky Mountains.

Behold! the valley at last shows one brief symptom of human life; a wagon drawn by a team of oxen comes down the steep road, and the driver thereof is worth looking at, albeit his straw sombrero shades his handsome and sun-tanned face. He is an ornamented person, this bullwhacker; with the cord tassels of his buckskin jacket just appearing from below the great Spanish cloak of blue cloth that is carelessly thrown round his shoulders. Look at his whip, too — the heavy thongs of it intertwined like serpents; he has no need of bowie-knife or pistol in these wilds while he carries about with him that formidable weapon. The oxen pass on down the valley; the dust subsides; again we are left with the silence, and the warm sunlight, and the aromatic odors of the Mayweed, and the cunning antics of our ubiquitous friend the chipmunk.

"There," said the lieutenant, looking up

to the vast hill-slopes above, where the scattered pines stood black among the blaze of yellow undergrowth, "that is the beginning of our hunting country. All the secrets are behind that fringe of wood. You must not imagine, Lady Sylvia, that our life at Idaho is to be only this dullness of walking —"

"I can assure you I do not feel it dull at all," she said; "but I am sorry that our party is to be broken up — just when it has been completed. Oh, I wish you could stay with us!" she adds, addressing another member of the party, whose hands are full of wild flowers.

"My dear Lady Sylvia," says this person, with her sweetest smile, "what would you all do if you had not us to take back your messages to England? We are to teach Bell's little girl to say Idaho. And when Christmas comes, we shall think of you at a particular hour — oh, by the way, we have never yet fixed the exact difference of time between Surrey and Idaho —"

"We will do that before you leave, madame," says the lieutenant, "but I am sure we will think of you a good many times before Christmas comes. And when Mr. Balfour and I have our bears, and buffaloes, and elephants, and all these things, we will see whether we cannot get something sent you in ice for your Christmas party. And you will drink our good health, madame, will you not? And perhaps, if you are very kind, you might send us one bottle of very good Rhine wine, and we will drink your health too. Nee! I meant two bottles, for the four of us —"

"I think we shall be able to manage that," says she; and visions of real Schloss Johannisberg, each bottle swathed in printed and signed guarantees of genuineness, no doubt began to dance before her nimble brain.

But at this moment a cold breeze came rushing down the narrow gorge; and almost at the same instant we saw the edge of a heavy cloud come lowering over the very highest peak of the mountains. Some little familiarity with the pranks of the weather in the Western Highlands suggested that, having no waterproofs, and no shelter being near, we had better make down the valley again in the direction of Idaho; and this we set about doing. The hot afternoon had grown suddenly chill. A cold wind whistled through the trembling leaves of the cottonwoods. The mountains were overshadowed, and by the time we reached Idaho again it seemed as if the night had already come down. The

women, in their thin dresses, were glad to get indoors.

"But it is this very thing," the lieutenant cried—for he was anxious that his wife should regard her new home favorably—"that makes these places in the Rocky Mountains so wholesome—so healthful, I mean. I have heard of it from many people, who say here is the best sleeping-place in the world. It is no matter how warm it is in the day, it is always cold at night: you always must have a blanket here. The heat—that is nothing, if you have the refreshing cold of the night; people who cannot sleep anywhere else, they can sleep here very well. Every one says that.

"Yes, and I will tell you this," he added, turning to Balfour; "you ought to have staid some days more in Denver, as all people do, to get accustomed to the thin air, before coming up here. All the doctors say that."

"Thank you," said Balfour, laughing, "my lungs are pretty tough. I don't suffer any inconvenience."

"That is very well, then; for they say the air of these places will kill a consumptive person——"

"Oh, Oswald!" his wife cried. "Don't frighten us all."

"Frighten you?" said he. "Will you show me the one who is likely to be consumptive? There is not any one of us does look like it. But if we all turn to be consumptive, cannot we go down to the plains? and we will give up the mountain sheep for the antelope——"

"I do believe," said his wife, with some vexation, "that you had not a thought in coming out here except about shooting!"

"And I do believe," he said, "that you had no thought except about your children. Oh, you ungrateful woman! You wear mourning—yes; but when do you really mourn for your poor uncle? When do you speak of him? You have not been to his grave yet."

"You know very well it was yourself who insisted on our coming here first," said she, with a blushing face; but it was not a deadly quarrel.

The chillness of the night did not prevent our going out for a walk later on, when all the world seemed asleep. And now the clouds had passed away from the heavens, and the clear stars were shining down over the mystic darkness of the mountains. In the silence around us we only heard the plashing of the stream. It was to be our last night together.

CHAPTER LII.

AUF WIEDERSEHN!

In the early morning—the morning of farewell—we stood at the small window—we two who were leaving—and tried to fix in our memories some picture of the surroundings of Bell's home; for we knew that many a time in the after days we should think of her, and endeavor to form some notion of what she was engaged in at the moment, and of the scene around her. And can we remember it now? The sunlight seems to fall vertically from that blazing sky, and there is a pale mist of heat far up in the mountains, so that the dark pine woods appear to have a faint blue fog hanging around them. On the barer slopes, where the rocks project in shoulders, there is a more brilliant light; for there the undergrowth of cottonwood bushes, in its autumn gold, burns clear and sharp, even at this distance. And then the eye comes down to the small valley, and the scattered white houses, and the small and rustling trees. We seem to hear the running of the stream.

And what was that little bit of paper thrust furtively, almost at the last moment, into our Bell's trembling hand? We did not know that we had been entertaining a poetess unawares among us; or had she copied the verses out of a book; just as one takes a flower from a garden and gives it as a token of remembrance—something tangible to recall distant faces and bygone friends?

O Idaho! far Idaho!

A last farewell before we go—

that was all that the companion of this unhonored Sappho managed to make out as the paper was snatched from her hand. No doubt it invoked blessings on the friends to whom we were bidding good-bye. No doubt it spoke of the mother's thinking of her children far away. And there certainly was no doubt that the verses, whether they were good or bad verses, served their turn, and are treasured up at this moment as though their like had never been seen.

On that warm, clear, beautiful morning, when the heavy coach came rolling up to the door of the inn, Balfour and Lady Sylvia did not at all seem broken down by emotion; on the contrary, they both appeared to be in high spirits. But our poor Bell was a wretched spectacle, about which nothing more shall be said here. Her last words were about her children; but they were almost inaudible, through the

violence of her sobbing. And we knew well, as we caught the last glimpse of that waved handkerchief, that this token of farewell was not meant for us: it was but a message we were to carry back with us across the seas to a certain home in Surrey.

Hier hat die Mär' ein Ende; and yet the present writer, if he is not overtaxing the patience of the reader, would like to say a word about the fashion in which two people, living pretty much by themselves down in the solitudes of Surrey, used to try to establish some link of interest and association with their friends far away in Colorado, and how, at these times, pictures of bygone scenes would rise before their minds, soft, and clear, and beautiful; for the troubles and trials of travelling were now all forgotten, and the pleasant passages of our journeying could be separated, and strung like lambent beads on the thread of memory.

Or shall we not rather take, as a last breach of confidence, this night of all the nights in the year—this Christmas-eve—which we more particularly devote to our dear and absent friends? It is now drawing away from us. We have been over to Bell's almost deserted house; and there, as the children were being put to bed, we heard something about Ilaho. It was as near as the little girl could get to it; it will suffice for a message.

And now, late as it is, and our own house being wrapped in silence after all the festivities of the evening—well, to tell the truth, there *was* a wild turkey, and there *were* some canvas-back duck; and we were not bound to tell two eagerly inquisitive boys that these could not well come from Colorado, though they did come from America—a madness seems to come over our gentle Queen Titania, and she will go out into the darkness, though the night is cold and there is snow on the ground. We go forth into the silent world. The thin snow is crisp and dry under foot. The stars are shining over our heads. There is no wind to stir the black shadows of the trees.

And now, as the time draws near when we are to send that unspoken message to the listening ones across the seas, surely they are waiting like ourselves? And the dark night, even up here on Mickleham Downs, where we go by the dusky yew-trees like ghosts, becomes afire with light, and color, and moving shapes; for we are thinking once more of the many scenes that connect us by an invisible chain with our friends of the past. How long ago was it that we sat in the long saloon, and

the fog-horn was booming outside, and we heard Lady Sylvia's tender voice singing with the others, "Abide with me; fast falls the eventide," as the good ship plunged onward and through the waste of waters? But the ship goes too slow for us. We can outstrip its speed. We are already half-way over to Bell's retreat, and here we shall rest; for are we not high over the Hudson, in the neighborhood of the haunted mountains?—and we have but to give another call to reach the far plains of Colorado!

"Ho, Vanderdecken—Heinrich Hudson—can you take our message from us and pass it on? This is a night of all the nights in the long year, that you are sure to be abroad, you and your sad-faced crew, up there in the lonely valleys, under the light of the stars. Can you go still higher, and send a view-halloo across to the Rocky Mountains? Can you say to our friends that we are listening? Can you tell them that something has just been said—they will know by whom—about a certain dear mother at Ilaho? Give a call, then, across the waste Atlantic that we may hear! Or is it the clamor of the katydids that drowns the ghostly voice? We cannot hear at all. Perhaps the old men are cowering in their cave, because of the sacred time; and there is no mirth in the hills to-night; and no huge cask of schnapps to be tapped, that the heavy beards may wag. Vanderdecken—Hendrick Hudson—you are of no use to us; we pass on; we leave the dark mountains behind us, under the silent stars.

Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers;
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

"Look at the clear gold ray of the light-houses, and the pale green of the sunset skies, and the dark islands and trees catching the last red flush. And is not this Bell's voice singing to us, with such a sweetness as the Lake of a Thousand Islands never heard before,—

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.

The red flame in the west burns into our eyes; we can see no more.

"We were startled by this wild roaring in our ears, as if the world were falling, and we are in a mystical cavern; and the whirling gray cataracts threaten to tear us from the narrow foothold. Our eyes are

blinded, our throats are choked, our fingers still clutch at the dripping rocks; and then all at once we see your shining and smiling face—you giant black demon—you magnificent Sambo—you huge child of the nether world of waters! We KENT GO NO FORDER DEN DAWT? Is that what you say? We shout to you through this infernal din that we can—we can—we can! We elude your dusky fingers. We send you a mocking farewell. Let the waters come crashing down; for we have dived—and drifted—and come up into the white sunlight again!

"And now there is no sound at all. We cannot even hear Bell's voice; for she is standing silent in front of the chief's grave; and she is wondering whether his ghost is still lingering here, looking for the ships of the white man going up and down the great river. For our part, we can see none at all. The broad valley is deserted; the Missouri shows no sign of life; on the wide plains around us we find only the reed-bird and the grasshopper. Farewell, White Cow; if your last wish is not gratified, at least the silence of the prairie is reserved to you, and no alien plough crosses the solitude of your grave. You are an amiable ghost, we think; we would shake hands with you, and give you a friendly 'How?' but the sunlight is in our eyes, and we cannot see you, just as you cannot make out the ships on that long line of river. May you have everlasting tobacco in the world of dreams!

"You infamous Hendrick Hudson, will you carry our message now—for our voices cannot reach across the desert plains? Awaken, you cowed heads, and come forth into the starlight; for the Christmas bells have not rung yet; and there is time for a solemn passing of the glass! High up in your awful solitudes, you can surely hear us; and we will tell you what you must call across the plains, for they are all silent now, as silent as the white skulls lying in the sand. Vanderdecken, for the sake of heaven—if that has power to conjure you—call to our listening friends; and we will pledge you in a glass to-night, and you and your ghastly crew will nod your heads in ominous laughter—"

But what is this that we hear, suddenly shaking the pulses of the night with its tender sound? O friends far away! do you know that our English bells are beginning to ring in the Christmas-time? If you cannot hear our faint voice across the

wild Atlantic and the silent plains, surely you can hear the sounds you knew so well in the bygone days! Over the crisp snow, and by the side of the black trees and hedges, we hurry homeward. We sit in a solitary room, and still we hear outside the faint tolling of the bells. The hour nears; and it is no dire spirit that we expect, but the gentle soul of a mother coming with a message to her sleeping children, and stopping for a moment in passing to look on her friends of old.

And she will take our message back, we know, and tell that other young wife out there that we are glad to hear that her heart is at peace at last. But what will the invisible messenger take back for herself? A look at her children: who knows?

A second to twelve. Shall we give a wild scream, then, as the ghost enters? for the silence is awful. Ah, no! Whether you are here or not, our good Bell, our hearts go forth toward you, and we welcome you; and we are glad that, even in this silent fashion, we can bring in the Christmas-time together. But is the gentle spirit here—or has it passed? A stone's throw from our house is another house; and in it there is a room dimly lit; and in the room are two sleeping children. If the beautiful mother has been here with us amidst the faint tolling of these Christmas bells, you may be sure she only smiled upon us in passing, and that she is now in that silent room.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A MIGHTY SEA-WAVE.

ON May 10th last a tremendous wave swept the Pacific Ocean from Peru northwards, westwards, and southwards, travelling at a rate many times greater than that of the swiftest express train. For reasons best known to themselves, writers in the newspapers have by almost common consent called this phenomenon a tidal wave. But the tides have had nothing to do with it. Unquestionably the wave resulted from the upheaval of the bed of the ocean in some part of that angle of the Pacific Ocean which is bounded by the shores of Peru and Chili. This region has long been celebrated for tremendous submarine and subterranean upheavals. The opinions of geologists and geographers have been divided as to the real origin of the disturbances by which at one time the land, at another time the sea, and at yet other times (oftener in fact than either of

the others) both land and sea have been shaken as by some mighty imprisoned giant, struggling, like Prometheus, to cast from his limbs the mountain masses which hold them down. Some consider that the seat of the Vulcanian forces lies deep below that part of the chain of the Andes which lies at the apex of the angle just mentioned, and that the direction of their action varies according to the varying conditions under which the imprisoned gases find vent. Others consider that there are two if not several seats of subterranean activity. Yet others suppose that the real seat of disturbance lies beneath the ocean itself, a view which seems to find support in several phenomena of recent Peruvian earthquakes.

Although we have not as yet full information concerning the great wave which in May last swept across the Pacific, and northwards and southwards along the shores of the two Americas, it may be interesting to consider some of the more striking features of this great disturbance of the so-called peaceful ocean, and to compare them with those which have characterized former disturbances of a similar kind. We may thus, perhaps, find some evidence by which an opinion may be formed as to the real seat of subterranean activity in this region.

It may seem strange, in dealing with the case of a wave which apparently had its origin in or near Peru on May 9, to consider the behavior of a volcano distant five thousand miles from this region, a week before the disturbance took place. But, although the coincidence may possibly have been accidental, yet in endeavoring to ascertain the true seat of disturbance we must overlook no evidence, however seemingly remote, which may throw light on that point; and as the sea-wave generated by the disturbance reached very quickly the distant region referred to, it is by no means unlikely that the subterranean excitement which the disturbance relieved may have manifested its effects beforehand at the same remote volcanic region. Be this as it may, it is certain that on May 1 the great crater of Kilauea in the island of Hawaii, became active, and on the 4th severe shocks of earthquake were felt at the Volcano House. At three in the afternoon a jet of lava was thrown up to a height of about one hundred feet, and afterwards some fifty jets came into action. Subsequently jets of steam issued along the line formed by a fissure four miles in length down the mountain-side. The disturbance lessened considerably on

the 5th, and an observing party examined the crater. They found that a rounded hill, seven hundred feet in height, and one thousand four hundred feet in diameter, had been thrown up on the plain which forms the floor of the crater. Fire and scoria were spouted up in various places.

Before rejecting utterly the belief that the activity thus exhibited in the Hawaii volcano had its origin in the same subterranean or submarine region as the Peruvian earthquake, we should remember that other regions scarcely less remote have been regarded as forming part of this great Vulcanian district. The violent earthquakes which occurred at New Madrid, in Missouri, in 1812, took place at the same time as the earthquake of Caraccas, the West Indian volcanoes being simultaneously active; and earthquakes had been felt in South Carolina for several months before the destruction of Caraccas and La Guayra. Now we have abundant evidence to show that the West Indian volcanoes are connected with the Peruvian and Chilean regions of Vulcanian energy, and the Chilean region is about as far from New Madrid as Arica in Peru from the Sandwich Isles.

It was not, however, until about half past eight on the evening of May 9 that the Peruvian earthquake began. A severe shock, lasting from four to five minutes, was felt along the entire southern coast, even reaching Autofagasta. The shock was so severe that it was impossible, in many places, to stand upright. It was succeeded by several others of less intensity.

While the land was thus disturbed, the sea was observed to be gradually receding, a movement which former experiences have taught the Peruvians to regard with even more terror than the disturbance of the earth itself. The waters which had thus withdrawn, as if concentrating their energies to leap more fiercely on their prey, presently returned in a mighty wave, which swept past Callao, travelling southwards with fearful velocity, while in its train followed wave after wave, until no less than eight had taken their part in the work of destruction. At Mollendo the railway was torn up by the sea for a distance of three hundred feet. A violent hurricane which set in afterwards from the south prevented all vessels from approaching, and unroofed most of the houses in the town. At Arica the people were busily engaged in preparing temporary fortifications to repel a threatened assault of the rebel ram "Huiscar," at the moment

when the roar of the earthquake was heard. The shocks here were very numerous, and caused immense damage in the town, the people flying to the Morro for safety. The sea was suddenly perceived to recede from the beach, and a wave from ten to fifteen feet in height rolled in upon the shore, carrying before it all that it met. Eight times was this assault of the ocean repeated. The earthquake had levelled to the ground a portion of the custom-house, the railway station, the submarine-cable office, the hotel, the British consulate, the steamship agency, and many private dwellings. Owing to the early hour of the evening, and the excitement attendant on the proposed attack of the "Huisca," every one was out and stirring; but the only loss of life which was reported is that of three little children who were overtaken by the water. The progress of the wave was only stopped at the foot of the hill on which the church stands, which point is further inland than that reached in August, 1868. Four miles of the embankment of the railway were swept away like sand before the wind. Locomotives, cars, and rails were hurled about by the sea like so many playthings, and left in a tumbled mass of rubbish.

The account proceeds to say that the United States' steamer "Waters," stranded by the bore of 1868, was lifted up bodily by the wave at Arica and floated two miles north of her former position. The reference is no doubt to the double-ender "Watertree," not stranded by a bore (a term utterly inapplicable to any kind of sea-wave at Arica, where there is no large river), but carried in by the great wave which followed the earthquake of August 13. The description of the wave at Arica on that occasion should be compared with that of the wave last May. About twenty minutes after the first earth-shock the sea was seen to retire as if about to leave the shores wholly dry; but presently its waters returned with tremendous force. A mighty wave, whose length seemed immeasurable, was seen advancing like a dark wall upon the unfortunate town, a large part of which was overwhelmed by it. Two ships, the Peruvian corvette "America," and the American double-ender "Watertree," were carried nearly half a mile to the north of Arica, beyond the railroad which runs to Tacna, and there left stranded high and dry. As the English vice-consul at Arica estimated the height of this enormous wave at fully fifty feet, it would not seem that the account of

the wave of last May has been exaggerated, for a much less height is, as we have seen, attributed to it, though, as it carried the "Watertree" still farther inland, it must have been higher. The small loss of life can be easily understood, when we consider that the earthquake was not followed instantly by the sea-wave. Warned by the experience of the earthquake of 1868, which most of them must have remembered, the inhabitants sought safety on the higher grounds until the great wave and its successors had flowed in. We read that the damage done was greater than that caused by the previous calamity, the new buildings erected since 1868 being of a more costly and substantial class. Merchandise from the custom-house and stores was carried by the water to a point on the beach five miles distant.

At Iquique, in 1868, the great wave was estimated at fifty feet in height. We are told that it was black with the mud and slime of the sea bottom. "Those who witnessed its progress from the upper balconies of their houses, and presently saw its black mass rushing close beneath their feet, looked on their safety as a miracle. Many buildings were, indeed, washed away, and in the low-lying parts of the town there was a terrible loss of life." Last May the greatest mischief at Iquique would seem to have been caused by the earthquake, not by the sea-wave, though this also was destructive in its own way. "Iquique," we are told, "is in ruins. The movement was experienced there at the same time and with the same force [as at Arica]. Its duration was exactly four minutes and a third. It proceeded from the southeast, exactly from the direction of Ila." The houses built of wood and cane tumbled down at the first attack, lamps were broken, and the burning oil spread over and set fire to the ruins. Three companies of firemen, German, Italian, and Peruvian, were instantly at their posts, although it was difficult to maintain an upright position, shock following shock with dreadful rapidity. Nearly four hundred thousand quintals of nitrate in the stores at Iquique and the adjacent ports of Molle and Pisagua were destroyed. The British barque "Caprera" and a German barque sank, and all the coasting craft and small boats in the harbor were broken to pieces and drifted about in every direction.

At Chanavaya, a small town at the guano-loading deposit known as Pabellon de Pica, only two houses were left standing out of four hundred. Here the earth-

quake shock was specially severe. In some places the earth opened in crevices seventeen yards deep, and the whole surface of the ground was changed. The shipping along the Peruvian and Bolivian coast suffered terribly. The list of vessels lost or badly injured at Pabellon de Pica alone reads like the list of a fleet.

We have been particular in thus describing the effects produced by the earthquake and sea-wave on the shores of South America, in order that the reader may recognize in the disturbance produced there the real origin of the great wave which a few hours later reached the Sandwich Isles, five thousand miles away. Doubt has been entertained respecting the possibility of a wave, other than the tidal wave, being transmitted right across the Pacific. Although in August 1868 the course of the great wave which swept from some region near Peru, not only to the Sandwich Isles, but in all directions over the entire ocean, could be clearly traced, there were some who considered the connection between the oceanic phenomena and the Peruvian earthquake a mere coincidence. It is on this account perhaps chiefly that the evidence obtained last May is most important. It is interesting, indeed, as showing how tremendous was the disturbance which the earth's frame must then have undergone. It would have been possible, however, had we no other evidence, for some to have maintained that the wave which came in upon the shores of the Sandwich Isles a few hours after the earthquake and sea disturbance in South America was in reality an entirely independent phenomenon. But when we compare the events which happened last May with those of August 1868, and perceive their exact similarity, we can no longer reasonably entertain any doubt of the really stupendous fact that *the throes of the earth in and near Peru are of sufficient energy to send an oceanic wave right across the Pacific*, and of such enormous height at starting, that, after travelling with necessarily diminishing height the whole way to Hawaii, it still rises and falls through thirty-six feet. The real significance of this amazing oceanic disturbance is exemplified by the wave circles which spread around the spot where a stone has fallen into a smooth lake. We know how, as the circle widens, the height of the wave grows less and less, until at no great distance from the centre of disturbance the wave can no longer be discerned, so slight is the slope of its advancing and following faces. How tremendous,

then, must have been the upheaval of the bed of ocean by which wave-circles were sent across the Pacific, retaining, after travelling five thousand miles from the centre of disturbance, the height of a two-storied house. In 1868, indeed, we know (now even more certainly than then) that the wave travelled very much farther, reaching the shores of Japan, of New Zealand, and of Australia, even if it did not make its way through the East Indian Archipelago to the Indian Ocean, as some observations seem to show. Doubtless we shall hear in the course of the next few months of the corresponding effects of the spread of last May's mighty wave athwart the Pacific, though the dimensions of the wave of last May, when it reached the Sandwich Isles, fell far short of those of the great wave of August 13-14, 1868.

It will be well to make a direct comparison between the waves of May last and August 1868 in this respect, as also with regard to the rate at which they would seem to have traversed the distance between Peru and Hawaii. On this last point, however, it must be noted that we cannot form an exact opinion until we have ascertained the real region of Vulcanian disturbance on each occasion. It is possible that a careful comparison of times, and of the direction in which the wave front advanced upon different shores, might serve to show where this region lay. We should not be greatly surprised to learn that it was far from the continent of South America.

The great wave reached the Sandwich Isles between four and five on the morning of May 10, corresponding to about five hours later of Peruvian time. An oscillation only was first observed at Hilo, on the east coast of the great southern island of Hawaii, the wave itself not reaching the village till about a quarter before five. The greatest difference between the crest and trough of the wave was found to be thirty-six feet here; but at the opposite side of the island, in Kealakekua Bay (where Captain Cook died), amounted only to thirty feet. In other places the difference was much less, being in some only three feet, a circumstance doubtless due to interference, waves which had reached the same spot along different courses chancing so to arrive that the crest of one corresponded with the trough of the other, so that the resulting wave was only the difference of the two. We must explain, however, in the same way, the highest waves of thirty-six to forty feet, which were doubtless due to similar interference, crest

agreeing with crest and trough with trough, so that the resulting wave was the sum of the two which had been divided, and had reached the same spot along different courses. It would follow that the higher of the two waves was about twenty-one feet high, the lower about eighteen feet high; but as some height would be lost in the encounter with the shore line, wherever it lay, on which the waves divided, we may fairly assume that in the open ocean, before reaching the Sandwich group, the wave had a height of nearly thirty feet from trough to crest. We read, in accordance with this explanation, that "the regurgitations of the sea were violent and complex, and continued through the day."

The wave, regarded as a whole, seems to have reached all the islands at the same time. If this is confirmed by later accounts, we shall be compelled to conclude that the wave reached the group with its front parallel to the length of the group so that it must have come (arriving as it did from the side towards which Hilo lies) from the north-east. It was then not the direct wave from Peru, but the wave reflected from the shores of California, which produced the most marked effects. We can understand well, this being so, that the regurgitations of the sea were complex. Any one who has watched the inflow of waves on a beach so lying within an angle of the shore, that while one set of waves comes straight in from the sea, another thwart set comes from the shore forming the other side of the angle, will understand how such waves differ from a set of ordinary rollers. The crests of the two sets form a sort of network, ever changing as each set rolls on; and considering any one of the four-cornered meshes of this wave-net, the observer will notice that while the middle of the raised sides rises little above the surrounding level, because here the crests of one set cross the troughs of the other, the corners of each quadrangle are higher than they would be in either set taken separately, while the middle of the four-cornered space is correspondingly depressed. The reason is that at the corners of the wave-net crests join with crests to raise the water surface, which in the middle of the net (not the middle of the sides, but the middle of the space enclosed by the four sides) trough joins with trough to depress the water surface.*

* The phenomena here described are well worth observing on their own account as affording a very instructive and at the same time very beautiful illustration of wave motions.

We must take into account the circumstance that the wave which reached Hawaii last May was probably reflected from the Californian coast when we endeavor to determine the rate at which the sea disturbance was propagated across the Atlantic. The direct wave would have come sooner, and may have escaped notice because arriving in the night-time, as it would necessarily have done if a wave which travelled to California, and thence, after reflection, to the Sandwich group, arrived there at a quarter before five in the morning following the Peruvian earthquake. We shall be better able to form an opinion on this point after considering what happened in August 1868.

The earth throes on that occasion was felt in Peru about five minutes past five on the evening of August 13. Twelve hours later, or shortly before midnight, August 13, Sandwich Island time (corresponding to 5 P.M., August 14, Peruvian time), the sea round the group of the Sandwich Isles rose in a surprising manner, "insomuch that many thought the islands were sinking, and would shortly subside altogether beneath the waves. Some of the smaller islands were for a time completely submerged. Before long, however, the sea fell again, and as it did so the observers found it impossible to resist the impression that the islands were rising bodily out of the water. For no less than three days this strange oscillation of the sea continued to be experienced, the most remarkable ebbs and floods being noticed at Honolulu, on the island of Woahoo."

The distance between Honolulu and Arica is about sixty-three hundred statute miles; so that, if the wave travelled directly from the shores of Peru to the Sandwich Isles, it must have advanced at an average rate of about five hundred and twenty-five miles an hour (about four hundred and fifty knots an hour). This is nearly half the rate at which the earth's surface near the equator is carried round by the earth's rotation, or is about the rate at which parts in latitude sixty-two or sixty-three degrees north are carried round by rotation; so that the motion of the great wave in 1863 was fairly comparable with one of the movements which we are accustomed to regard as cosmical. We shall

tion of wave motions. They can be well seen at many of our watering-places. The same laws of wave motion can be readily illustrated also by throwing a few yards apart into a large smooth pool at points a few yards apart. The crossing of the two sets of circular waves produces a wave-net, the meshes of which vary in shape according to their position.

presently have something more to say on this point.

Now last May, as we have seen, the wave reached Hawaii at about a quarter to five in the morning, corresponding to about ten Peruvian time. Since, then, the earthquake was felt in Peru at half past eight on the previous evening, it follows that the wave, if it travelled directly from Peru, must have taken about thirteen and a half hours, or an hour and a half longer, in travelling from Peru to the Sandwich Isles, than it took in August 1868. This is unlikely, because ocean waves travel nearly at the same rate in the same parts of the ocean, whatever their dimensions, so only that they are large. We have, then, in the difference of time occupied by the wave in May last and in August 1868 in reaching Hawaii, some corroboration of the result to which we were led by the arrival of the wave simultaneously at all the islands of the Sandwich group—the inference, namely, that the observed wave had reached these islands after reflection from the Californian shore line. As the hour when the direct wave probably reached Hawaii was about a quarter past three in the morning, when not only was it night-time but also a time when few would be awake to notice the rise and fall of the sea, it seems not at all improbable that the direct wave escaped notice, and that the wave actually observed was the reflected wave from California. The direction, also, in which the oscillation was first observed corresponds well with this explanation.

It is clear that the wave which traversed the Pacific last May was somewhat inferior in size to that of August 1868, which therefore still deserves to be called (as then by the present writer) the greatest sea-wave ever known. The earthquake, indeed, which preceded the oceanic disturbance of 1868 was far more destructive than that of May last, and the waves which came in upon the Peruvian and Bolivian shores were larger. Nevertheless, the wave of last May was not so far inferior to that of August 1868 but that we may expect to hear of its course being traced athwart the entire extent of the Pacific Ocean.

When we consider the characteristic features of the Peruvian and Chilian earthquakes, and especially when we note how wide is the extent of the region over which their action is felt in one way or another, it can scarcely be doubted that the earth's Vulcanian energies are at present more actively at work throughout that region

than in any other. There is nothing so remarkable, one may even say so stupendous, in the history of subterranean disturbance as the alternation of mighty earth throes by which, at one time, the whole of the Chilian Andes seem disturbed and anon the whole of the Peruvian Andes. In Chili scarce a year ever passes without earthquakes, and the same may be said of Peru; but so far as great earthquakes are concerned the activity of the Peruvian region seems to synchronize with the comparative quiescence of the Chilian region, and *vice versa*. Thus, in 1797 the terrible earthquake occurred known as the earthquake of Riobamba, which affected the entire Peruvian earthquake region. Thirty years later a series of tremendous throes shook the whole of Chili, permanently elevating the whole line of coast to the height of several feet. During the last ten years the Peruvian region has in turn been disturbed by great earthquakes. It should be added that between Chili and Peru there is a region about five hundred miles in length in which scarcely any volcanic action has been observed. And, singularly enough, "this very portion of the Andes, to which one would imagine that the Peruvians and Chilians would fly as to a region of safety, is the part most thinly inhabited; inasmuch that, as Von Buch observes, it is in some places entirely deserted."

One can readily understand that this enormous double region of earthquakes, whose oscillations on either side of the central region of comparative rest may be compared to the swaying of a mighty seesaw on either side of its point of support, should be capable of giving birth to throes propelling sea-waves across the Pacific Ocean. The throes actually experienced at any given place is relatively but an insignificant phenomenon, it is the disturbance of the entire region over which the throes is felt which must be considered in attempting to estimate the energy of the disturbing cause. The region shaken by the earthquake of 1868, for instance, was equal to at least a fourth of Europe, and probably to fully one-half. From Quito southwards as far as Iquique—or along a full third part of the length of the South American Andes—the shock produced destructive effects. It was also distinctly felt far to the north of Quito, far to the south of Iquique, and inland to enormous distances. The disturbing force which thus shook one million square miles of the earth's surface must have been one of almost inconceivable energy. If directed

entirely to the upheaval of a land region no larger than England, those forces would have sufficed to have destroyed utterly every city, town, and village within such a region; if directed entirely to the upheaval of an oceanic region, they would have been capable of raising a wave which would have been felt on every shore line of the whole earth. Divided even between the ocean on the one side and a land region larger than Russia in Europe on the other, those Vulcanian forces shook the whole of the land region and sent athwart the largest of our earth's oceans a wave which ran in upon shores ten thousand miles from the centre of disturbance with a crest thirty feet high. Forces such as these may fairly be regarded as cosmical; they show unmistakably that the earth has by no means settled down into that condition of repose in which some geologists still believe. We may ask with the late Sir Charles Lyell whether, after contemplating the tremendous energy thus displayed by the earth, any geologist will continue to assert that the changes of relative level of land and sea, so common in former ages of the world, have now ceased? and agree with him that if, in the face of such evidence, a geologist persists in maintaining this favorite dogma, it would be vain to hope, by accumulating proofs of similar convulsions during a series of ages, to shake the tenacity of his conviction—

*Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.*

But there is one aspect in which such mighty sea-waves, as, in 1868 and again last May, have swept over the surface of our terrestrial oceans, remain yet to be considered.

The oceans and continents of our earth must be clearly discernible from her nearer neighbors among the planets—from Venus and Mercury on the inner side of her path around the sun, and from Mars (though under less favorable conditions) from the outer side. When we consider, indeed, that the lands and seas of Mars can be clearly discerned with telescopic aid from our earth at a distance of forty millions of miles, we perceive that our earth, seen from Venus at a little more than half this distance, must present a very interesting appearance. Enlarged, owing to greater proximity, nearly fourfold, having a diameter nearly twice as great as that of Mars, so that at the same distance her disc would seem more than three times as large, more brightly illuminated by the

sun in the proportion of about five to two, she would shine with a lustre exceeding that of Mars, when in full brightness in the midnight sky, about thirty times; and all her features would of course be seen with correspondingly increased distinctness. Moreover, the oceans of our earth are so much larger in relative extent than those of Mars, covering nearly three-fourths instead of barely one-half of the surface of the world they belong to, that they would appear as far more marked and characteristic features than the seas and lakes of Mars. When the Pacific Ocean, indeed, occupies centrally the disc of the earth which at the moment is turned towards any planet, nearly the whole of that disc must appear to be covered by the ocean. Under such circumstances the passage of a wide-spreading series of waves over the Pacific, at the rate of about five hundred miles an hour, is a phenomenon which could scarcely fail to be discernible from Venus or Mercury, if either planet chanced to be favorably placed for the observation of the earth—always supposing there were observers in Mercury or Venus, and that these observers were provided with powerful telescopes.

It must be remembered that the waves which spread over the Pacific on August 13-14, 1868, and again on May 9-10 last, were not only of enormous range in length (measured along crest or trough), but also of enormous breadth (measured from crest to crest, or from trough to trough). Were it otherwise, indeed, the progress of a wave forty or fifty feet high (at starting, and thirty-five feet high after travelling six thousand miles), at the rate of five hundred miles per hour, must have proved destructive to ships in the open ocean as well as along the shore line. Suppose, for instance, the breadth of the wave from crest to crest one mile, then, in passing under a ship at the rate of five hundred miles per hour, the wave would raise the ship from trough to crest—that is, through a height of forty feet—in one thousandth part of an hour (for the distance from trough to crest is but half the breadth of the wave), or in less than four seconds, lowering it again in the same short interval of time, lifting and lowering it at the same rate several successive times. The velocity with which the ship would travel upwards and downwards would be greatest when she was midway in her ascent and descent, and would then be equal to about the velocity with which a body strikes the ground after falling from a height of four yards. It is hard-

ly r
subj
inev
larg
wou
Ne
the
at a
with
the
the
refe
obs
war
the
lera
stor
on
fro.
whe
ope
cau
the
the
than
"A
wer
leng
gre
any
infe
adv
wav
abo
bre
mile
V
of a
can
Th
cre
of
min
hav
in
wou
hun
ute
the
mo
dre
N
Pac
of r
disc
of
des
Ven
wav
wou
illu
rec

ly necessary to say that small vessels subjected to such tossing as this would inevitably be swamped. On even the largest ships the effect of such motion would be most unpleasantly obvious. Now, as a matter of fact, the passage of the great sea-wave in 1868 was not noticed at all on board ships in open sea. Even within sight of the shore of Peru, where the oscillation of the sea was most marked, the motion was such that its effects were referred to the shore. We are told that observers on the deck of a United States' war-steamer distinctly saw the "peaks of the mountains in the chain of the Cordilleras wave to and fro like reeds in a storm;" the fact really being that the deck on which they stood was swayed to and fro. This, too, was in a part of the sea where the great wave had not attained its open sea form, but was a rolling wave, because of the shallowness of the water. In the open sea, we read that the passage of the great sea-wave was no more noticed than is the passage of the tidal wave itself. "Among the hundreds of ships which were sailing upon the Pacific when its length and breadth were traversed by the great sea-wave, there was not one in which any unusual motion was perceived." The inference is clear, that the slope of the advancing and following faces of the great wave was very much less than in the case above imagined; in other words, that the breadth of the wave greatly exceeded one mile — amounting, in fact, to many miles.

Where the interval between the passage of successive wave-crests was noted, we can tell the actual breadth of the wave. Thus, at the Samoan Isles, in 1868, the crests succeeded each other at intervals of sixteen minutes, corresponding to eight minutes between crest and trough. As we have seen that, if the waves were one mile in breadth, the corresponding interval would be only four seconds, or only one hundred-and-twentieth part of eight minutes, it would follow that the breadth of the great wave, where it reached the Samoan Isles in 1868, was about one hundred and twenty miles.

Now a wave extending right athwart the Pacific Ocean, and having a cross breadth of more than one hundred miles, would be discernible as a marked feature of the disc of our earth, seen, under the conditions described above, either from Mercury or Venus. It is true that the slope of the wave's advancing and following surfaces would be but slight, yet the difference of illumination under the sun's rays would be recognizable. Then, also, it is to be re-

membered that there was not merely a single wave, but a succession of many waves. These travelled also with enormous velocity; and though at the distance of even the nearest planet, the apparent motion of the great wave, swift though it was in reality, would be so far reduced that it would have to be estimated rather than actually seen, yet there would be no difficulty in thus perceiving it with the mind's eye. The rate of motion indeed would almost be exactly the same as that of the equatorial part of the surface of Mars, in consequence of the planet's rotation; and this (as is well known to telescopists), though not discernible, directly produces, even in a few minutes, changes which a good eye can clearly recognize. We can scarcely doubt then, that, if our earth were so situated at any time when one of the great waves generated by Peruvian earthquakes is traversing the Pacific that the hemisphere containing this ocean were turned fully illuminated towards Venus (favorably placed for observing her), the disturbance of the Pacific could be observed and measured by telescopists on that planet.

Unfortunately there is little chance that terrestrial observers will ever be able to watch the progress of great waves athwart the oceans of Mars, and still less that any disturbance of the frame of Venus should become discernible to us by its effects. We can scarce even be assured that there are lands and seas on Venus, so far as direct observation is concerned, so unfavorably is she always placed for observation; and though we see Mars under much more favorable conditions, his seas are too small and would seem to be too shallow (compared with our own) for great waves to traverse them such as could be discerned from the earth.

Yet it may be well to remember the possibility that changes may at times take place in the nearer planets — the terrestrial planets as they are commonly called, Mars, Venus, and Mercury — such as telescopic observation under favorable conditions might detect. Telescopists have, indeed, described apparent changes, lasting only for a short time, in the appearance of one of these planets, Mars, which may fairly be attributed to disturbances affecting its surface in no greater degree than the great Peruvian earthquakes have affected for a time the surface of our earth. For instance, the American astronomer Mitchel says that on the night of July 12, 1845, the bright polar snows of Mars exhibited an appearance never noticed at any preceding

or succeeding observation. In the very centre of the white surface appeared a dark spot, which retained its position during several hours. On the following evening not a trace of the spot could be seen. Again the same observer says that on the evening of August 30, 1845, he observed for the first time a small bright spot, nearly or quite round, projecting out of the lower side of the polar spot. "In the early part of the evening," he says, "the small bright spot seemed to be partly buried in the large one. After the lapse of an hour or more my attention was again directed to the planet, when I was astonished to find a manifest change in the position of the small bright spot. It had apparently separated from the large spot, and the edges alone of the two were now in contact, whereas when first seen they overlapped by an amount quite equal to one-third of the diameter of the small one. This, however, was merely an optical phenomenon, for on the next evening the spots went through the same apparent changes, as the planet went through the corresponding part of its rotation. But it showed the spots to be real ice masses. The strange part of the story is that in the course of a few days the smaller spot, which must have been a mass of snow and ice as large as Nova Zembla, gradually disappeared." Probably some great shock had separated an enormous field of ice from the polar snows, and it had eventually been broken up and its fragments carried away from the arctic regions by currents in the Martian oceans. It appears to us that the study of our own earth, and of the changes and occasional convulsions which affect its surface, gives to the observation of such phenomena as we have just described a new interest. Or rather, perhaps, it is not too much to say that telescopic observations of the planets derive their only real interest from such considerations.

From Nature.

THE SUN'S DISTANCE.

A MOST interesting state paper has just been issued; we refer to the report by the astronomer-royal on the telescopic observations of the transit of Venus of 1874, made by the expeditions sent out by the British government, and the results deduced from them. The astronomer-royal suggests that another report may be called for when the photographs of the transit have been

completely measured and worked out, if possible in combination with the results of similar observations made in the expeditions organized by other governments.

It will be seen from the present report that the plan of operations actually pursued has been very nearly that proposed by the astronomer-royal in his communication to the Royal Astronomical Society on December 11, 1868, when for the third time directing attention to the arrangements which it would be necessary to make for the efficient observation of the transits of 1874 and 1882. The method of absolute longitudes was to be applied for observations both of ingress and egress, it being therefore essential that the longitudes of the observing stations should be determined with precision; and the longitudes recommended to be fixed by Great Britain were Alexandria, stations in New Zealand and in the Sandwich Islands, Kerguelen's Land, and Mauritius or the two islands of Rodriguez and Bourbon.

The stations eventually selected for observations by the British expedition were fixed upon "entirely by consideration of the influence which their positions would have in determining with accuracy the necessary alteration of parallax." They were: Egypt, the Sandwich Islands, the island of Rodriguez, New Zealand, and Kerguelen's Land. It was intended to adopt in each of these districts one fundamental station, the longitude of which was to be independently determined, for conversion of local times into Greenwich times, and subordinate to this primary station other stations were proposed to be selected, at such distances that advantage might be taken of different states of weather that might possibly prevail.

In Egypt his Highness the khedive rendered every possible assistance, tents being supplied with military guards for the protection of the observers and their instruments, and telegraph wires erected. The astronomer-royal acknowledges the obligations of the expedition to the liberality of the Eastern Telegraph Company, in affording the means of determining with extreme accuracy and great facility the longitude of the principal station Mokattam. Greenwich was easily connected with Porth Curno, in Cornwall, whence there is an uninterrupted line to Alexandria, the longest submarine line in the world; Alexandria was connected with Mokattam by aid of the special line constructed by the khedive from Cairo to the station. It is further stated that time-communication was also made from Mo-

kattam through Cairo to Thebes, and to Suez by the ordinary telegraph, Thebes and Suez being the other Egyptian stations where the transit was observed.

In the Sandwich Islands much assistance was received from King Kalakaua and members of the reigning family. The principal station was at Honolulu, the longitude of which was determined partly by meridian transits of the moon and partly by transits of the moon observed with the altazimuth instrument. Waimea, in the island Kauai, where observers were also placed, was connected with Honolulu by means of chronometers carried in H.M.S. "Teredos." At the island of Rodriguez the longitudes were determined in the same manner as for the Sandwich Islands stations, for three positions, viz., Point Venus, the Hermitage, and Point Coton; and communication was further made with the Mauritius and with Lord Lindsay's expedition with the aid of H.M.S. "Shearwater," the preliminary results being stated by Sir George Airy to agree closely with those given by the lunar observations. At Kerguelen's Land, again, the operations were similar; Supply Bay and Thumb Peak being the stations chosen.

In New Zealand unfavorable weather much interfered with the observations, and Sir George Airy had at first been led to suppose that all useful observation had been lost; it subsequently appeared, however, that this was not the case, one phase of the transit being well seen at Burnham, the longitude of which was fixed by meridian transits of the moon.

The report is divided into three sections or tables. In the first are given the descriptions of the various phenomena, in the words of the observers, with the Greenwich sidereal times of the different phases, obtained from accurate reduction of the observations for longitude here particularized; where such longitudes depend upon lunar observations the places of the "Nautical Almanac" were carefully corrected by observations on nearly the same days at Greenwich, Paris, Strasburg, and Königsberg. In studying these original descriptions, Sir George Airy was led to infer that it was "possible to fix upon three distinct phases for the 'ingress' and four for the 'egress,'" though it might have been supposed that egress and ingress would exhibit the same number of distinct phases in inverse order; this was not the case in practice. The first phase, α , utilized in the calculations is the appearance of the planet just within the sun's disc, but the light between the two limbs being very obscure. After an inter-

val of about twenty seconds "the light begins to clear, and the observers generally think that the contact is passed;" this is phase β . About twenty seconds later, the light which at phase β was not equal to that of the sun's limb, is free from all shadow, and the phase is called γ . Sir George Airy finds that of these phases β is the most exact, observers, even in the presence of clouds of moderate density, agreeing within three or four seconds, though for other phases much greater discordances are exhibited. Similarly at the egress, the first appearance of a fine line or faint shadow is called δ , this becoming definite, or a "brown haze" appearing, is called ϵ . When most observers record "contact," the shadow having reached a maximum intensity, the phase is called ζ , and in this phase there is an agreement amongst observers, much closer than in other phases at egress. The "circular" contact at egress is called η .

In the second section of the report, or Table II., these "adopted phases are massed for each district in which the parallax-factor is nearly identical," and several of the details of reduction are included. With the longitudes determined as above, the recorded times of the various phases of the transit were converted into Greenwich sidereal times. With the calculated apparent places of the sun and Venus in the "Nautical Almanac," as deduced from Leverrier's Tables, an ephemeris was prepared exhibiting the predicted geocentric places for every tenth second of Greenwich sidereal time throughout the transit, and from these numbers the apparent positions of sun and planet at each station were computed. Calculations were further made, showing how the predicted place would be affected by alteration of the local longitude, by change in the tabular places of the sun and Venus, and by alteration of their tabular parallaxes; the first two alterations were not essential in these reductions, but the determination of alterations of the third class, as it is remarked, constituted "the special object of the expedition." The form of the reductions was "entirely determined by the consideration that such alterations must be made in the parallaxes as will render the observations of the same phenomena in different parts of the earth consistent with each other." In Table III. we have "the mean solar parallax deduced from every available combination." Thus ingress accelerated at the Sandwich Islands is compared with ingress retarded at Rodriguez and with ingress retarded at Kerguelen's Land; egress retarded at

Mokattam and Suez with egress retarded at Rodriguez, and likewise with egress accelerated at the two stations in Kerguelen's; and again the retarded egress at Thebes is compared with egress retarded at Rodriguez and with egress accelerated at Kerguelen's. The greatest separate value of the solar parallax resulting from these different comparisons is 8.933 seconds, and the least 8.407 seconds. Weights are given to the various determinations depending, firstly, upon the number of observations and the magnitude of the parallax-factor; and secondly, upon the particular phase α , β , γ , δ , ϵ , and ζ being included. Thus it is found that all the combinations for *ingress* give the mean solar parallax 8.739 seconds, weight 10.46, and all the combinations for *egress* give 8.847 seconds, weight 2.53, whence the general result is 8.760 seconds, from which Sir George Airy finds the mean distance of the sun equal to 93,300,000 miles. The New Zealand observations were not included in these calculations; their mean result is 8.764 seconds, almost identical with the above. It is remarked that many persons may perhaps consider that the more closely agreeing phases β and ζ should be employed in deducing the value of the parallax to the exclusion of the others. If this be done we shall have from the *ingress* 8.748 seconds, and from the *egress* 8.905 seconds, or with their due weights a mean value 8.773 seconds.

In this outline of the details contained in the astronomer-royal's first report upon the observations of the transit of Venus, and the conclusions to be drawn from them, we have adhered closely to his own words. Pending the appearance of the deductions to be made from the complete measuring of the photographs, the results before us are perhaps to be regarded as provisional ones only, or we have not yet learned all that may be done from the work of the British expeditions, so laboriously organized by Sir George Airy. Many astronomers, we can imagine, will regard with some suspicion so small a parallax as 8.76 seconds, which is a tenth of a second less than has been given by the most reliable previous investigations, upon different principles. In illustration we may quote the separate results from which Professor Newcomb obtained his value of the parallax, now adopted in most of our ephemerides:—

From meridian observations of Mars,	<i>x</i>
1862	8.855
From micrometric observations of Mars, 1862.	8.842

From parallactic inequality of the moon	8.838
From the lunar equation of the earth	8.809
From the transit of Venus, 1769 (Polaris's reduction)	8.860
From Foucault's experiments on light	8.860

To these may be added Leverrier's value subsequently deduced from the planetary theories, which is also 8.86 seconds. Newcomb's mean figure, taking account of weights corresponding to the probable errors, is 8.848 seconds, which, with Captain Clarke's measure of the earth's equator, implies that the mean distance of the sun is 93,393,000 miles. Sir George Airy's 8.760 seconds would similarly place the sun at a mean distance of 93,321,000 miles.

It is well known that some astronomers have not expected our knowledge of the sun's distance to be greatly improved from the observations of the transit of Venus, regarding such an opportunity as is presented by a close opposition of Mars as affording at least as favorable conditions, and the result of Mr. Gill's expedition to Ascension to utilize the late opposition will be on this account awaited with much interest. Nevertheless, whatever degree of opinion might be entertained by competent authorities, it appears to have been felt by those immediately responsible for action, in different civilized nations where science is encouraged, that so rare a phenomenon as a transit of Venus could not be allowed to pass without every exertion being made to utilize it, and this country may lay claim to an honorable share in the great scientific effort, thanks mainly to the long-continued and admirably-directed endeavors of the astronomer-royal to secure this result.

Several of the stations occupied during the transit of 1874 will be available for the transit of 1882, Kerguelen's Land in particular, where at ingress the sun will be at an elevation of 12°, the factor of parallax being 0.98. In that year there will also be the advantage of observations along the whole Atlantic seaboard of the United States and Canada, where, as pointed out by the astronomer-royal in 1868, the lowest factor is 0.95, and the smallest altitude of the sun 12° for observing the retarded ingress; and for observing the egress as accelerated by parallax, the factors are about 0.85, the sun's elevation varying from 4° at Halifax, to 32° at New Orleans, or Jamaica. Australian and New Zealand stations are important for retarded egress.

As is well known, the transit of Venus on December 6, 1882, will be partly visible in this country.